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J. H. MORISON,
E. PEABODY,
A. P. PEABODY,
F. D. HUNTINGTON. } EDITORS.

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## THE NATURE OF CHRIST.

To the Editors of the Register.

Though you intimate at the close of your article, in reply to my communication upon the nature of Christ, a desire to have the discussion cease, so far as the columns of the Register are concerned, I must solicit your indulgence once more, while I offer a few thoughts in justification of an opinion, which you deem so obnoxious that the admission of it would be "the discrowning of Christianity." This might seem a bold request to make, were your faith and spirit other than they are; but being Catholic Christians, in the highest sense of the term, I am sure you have it not in your hearts to smother discussion upon any important subject; for you are confident, that a proper discussion can only serve to bring out the truth, and gain the assent of the enlightened understanding. This is my apology for troubling you with another communication upon this "vexed question."

You admit that in the New Testament Christ is called a man; that he is there represented to have had the form, the affections, the spiritual faculties, the senses and the sensibilities of a man. But the question with you is whether he was not so much more besides this, that it is impossible to speak of him as a mere man, and use language with accuracy? And as a preliminary to the settlement of this question, you very properly ask, what constitutes a man? but you do not give your own definition. I am afraid that I shall not be able to satisfy you on this point, and yet the idea is a very clear one in my own mind, though the nature of man is so complex, that I cannot describe it with one short sentence. Man partakes in one respect of the nature of all other animals, inasmuch as he wears a material form that is susceptible to pleasure and to pain, to disease and to death: that is sustained and nourished by the exercise of sensual appetites, but is the subject of mortality. Distinguished from the brute creation, he is a being endowed with *intelligence*, whereby truth, in all its departments, is rendered communicable to him. In reference to his own race he is endowed with social tendencies that induce to the interchange of friendships, to the establishment of mutual dependence, to the exercise of solicitude, to the experience of joy and sorrow. Distinguished from God, who made him, he is dependent, not only outwardly, but is furnished with a sense of obligation, which reveals that he is subject to the authority of a higher intelligence. These attributes, animal, intellectual, social and moral, when carried out to all their legitimate consequences, constitute his nature. I submit that it is not necessary to include in our definition the limitations, which appear in the exercise of these attributes; for the question is, what is the nature, or the design of man, as a creature of God? and unless we believe in a law of necessity, we must consider the highest manifestation, and not the abuses, or neglect, of these attributes as constituting the legitimate exercise of this nature. Therefore, though the life of Jesus of Nazareth should present a wide contrast with what we see elsewhere, the question is still, did he so partake of these attributes, that he may be justly considered as being a man; and then, did he manifest any other faculties that should remove him beyond the limits of our definition? Since he had the form, the affections, the spiritual faculties, the senses and sensibilities of man, it devolves upon you to show that the excellencies of his character were something more than the legitimate exercise of human powers, and that the peculiarities which marked his ministry, were inconsistent with the possession of a mere human nature. This point you endeavor to illustrate by attributing to him the power of fore-knowledge: but are you certain he possessed this? On one very important occasion he disclaimed this power. Yet, if there are instances occurring to your recollection, in which he manifested such a power, do they prove that it made an inherent part of his nature, or only constituted one of those gifts with which he had been especially endowed for the purposes of his mission? And did the possession of such a faculty, limited as it must necessarily have been, even upon your view of him, change his nature? He said; "when ye have lifted up the Son of Man, then shall ye know that I am he, and that I do nothing of myself; but as my Father hath taught me, I speak these things." I do not pretend to know what the peculiar method of inspiration was by which he worked miracles; but the very claim to the Messiahship would seem to show no inherent knowledge, or power; and though he did exert a miraculous power, so did his disciples after him, and yet that fact is never adduced as proof of any change in their nature; they were still "men of like passions with yourselves." You say that "man lives under the laws of nature, but Christ had authority over them:" do you mean by this, to say that Christ did not live under the same laws! subject to similar appetites, affections, sorrows, disappointments, and the trials of heart, attendant upon these things, "even unto death?" Leaving out of view the fact that man, in these latter days, has obtained power over what are generally considered the laws of nature, in some important instances, I cannot see that the power to work miracles alters the relation of Christ in this respect; for evidently it formed no part of his natural faculties, it was not a power, if we may believe him, that proceeded out from his superior nature; he never claimed such a capacity, but declared it was "by the finger of God," that he cast out devils.

You say that his history is not that of a mere man; his birth, his sinless life, his knowledge and power, transcending those of human nature, the peculiar relations he sustained to God, his resurrection and ascension; "how little in these things like the history of a mere man?" You mean to say that his history is different from that of mankind ordinarily, and this is plain enough, but the inference you draw is not necessary. Because, despite this difference, the general impression is still, that he was a being with a nature like our own, while the purposes of his life reveal a cause for this remarkable difference without accepting your conclusion. He was born a child, feeble, helpless, like all children; he grew in stature and in wisdom, and passed thirty years of his life in obscurity, except on one occasion, before he appeared in the office of a Teacher; and after entering upon his ministry, he lived as a man among men, sharing in their sensibilities, their trials and their sufferings. And though his disciples looked upon him with reverence, we do not read that they accounted him as a being superior in nature. The thought that he was a man increased their wonder at his wisdom and mighty works.

You quote several short sentences in order to show that the language, which Christ used was not such as a mere man could use when speaking of himself. I do not like, any better than you, the habit of citing "proof texts" in behalf of a controverted doctrine, or I think it would not be difficult to refer to a great many that would sustain the view I have taken. I cannot refrain however, from calling your attention to some of the very passages you quote, and would suggest whether you have not "torn them by main force from the environments of circumstance, occasion and context, from whatever might define, or limit them, and employed them as if they embodied a logical statement of some fundamental truth?" You say of Christ that he had power "to lay down his life, and to take it up again."

The passage reads thus,—"no man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father." But does this indicate any inherent power over his own life and death, any more than you or I possess? or does it not rather indicate that he had been divinely inspired, enlightened, instructed by his Father, to the end that the great seal should be affixed to his mission by his resurrection from the grave!

Again you say, "the Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son." If you will read the whole passage through, you will find the reason for this commission, and I do not know that I can do better than adopt the language of the Register itself concerning it; "in assigning the reason why the Father has given him authority to execute judgment, our Saviour cites not his own deity, nor even his intimate union with God, but his kindred with the race to be judged,—because he is *a* son of man!—*a*, not *the* son of man,—the definite article which makes this phrase an official title of the Messiah being omitted here, and in no other instance in the New Testament." The other passages to which you refer, unless you can prove that they were intended to embody a "logical statement," I think you will allow such not necessarily to be interpreted in accordance with your opinion. One of them at least; "before Abraham was, I am,"—has been accounted as among the most obscure of all the passages in the Scripture, and has been considered by some learned scholars, as referring not to the actual pre-existence of Christ, but to the designs of Divine Providence in regard to the redemption of the world. If, however, you insist upon enforcing this passage in its literal significance, I see no reason why you should stop with that: there are many other passages, which are so interpreted by other Christians, from whose opinion you dissent. The great distinction between that body to which you belong and many others in the Church, consists in the fact, that while they contend for the letter, you appeal to the spirit; they accept the obvious signification, without investigating the purpose of the writer, or speaker, and you compare Scripture with Scripture, and either make the simple to interpret the obscure, or submit to ignorance of the passage, rather than force a meaning at all hazards. This seems to me the only correct course to be pursued in reading the sacred writings, and it is by following it that I am led to my present conclusion. There are a great many passages "hard to be understood," but to discover the intent of those passages is the proper study of a biblical critic; and to this end he inquires what was the use of language when such passages were written, or spoken, and how was the language received by those to whom it was addressed: he is jealous of all "proof texts," until such considerations have first been allowed their due weight.

In speaking of the example of Christ, in opposition to my view, you say that it is worthless in the fact that he "stands before the world, an immovable standard of perfection, by which men are compelled to measure and judge themselves;" —add yet you say that "he was clothed with such miraculous power, and was so consciously and immediately connected with God, that in what was most essential, we can have but a very imperfect understanding of his life." There seems to me to be a contradiction here, and that one statement invalidates the other. You certainly cannot intend to say that Christ is an example to us any farther than we can understand his life and character, for this would be an impossibility. We cannot measure ourselves by a standard whose value we are ignorant of, any more than we can weigh any article of merchandise by a measure, rule or proportion, which we do not understand. Grant, if you please, that we are ignorant of much pertaining to Christ, still it is in those particulars we can apprehend, that he is an example to us: it can be in no other way and cannot exceed this. Education may develope more and more of the excellence of Christ, and enable us to perceive, as in a mirror, our own deficiencies, but his example is valid just in proportion to our perception; it cannot transcend that, for beyond that we know not what he is. We may have a vague notion of an excellence far beyond what we have learned to estimate, but it can have no weight, until this vagueness has passed away, and we see ourselves just as we are in contrast with the standard we have learned to appreciate.

You affirm at the close of your remarks that you "have no sympathy with the tendency to reduce everything to an earthly level," and that "it is good for us to look up to that which is above us." I accord with you entirely in this sentiment, and would use whatever talent I may possess to level up, rather than down. The popular views of Christ and of human nature seem to me to have a downward influence alone. The unnatural, mysterious, incomprehensible features that are given to the Saviour by such views, take him away altogether from the sympathy of men; they have no conception of him that brings him near as an example; while their want of faith in the powers God has given to them, paralyses every exertion to go on to perfection. They find no encouragement, in the preaching they ordinarily hear from Christian pulpits, to put forth an effort, and they are not taught to believe in the adaptation of Christian virtue to the ordinary scenes of life. Hence we find such vague ideas about conscience, such confusion between right and wrong, so much consulting of expediency, so much talk about compromise. Men excuse their imperfect goodness under the plea of human nature, and rashly trust to the gradual progress of civilization, to the mysterious workings of divine providence in human affairs, to remove the sins of the world and of their own impenitent hearts, instead of aspiring to be and endeavoring to do what God has dained them to be and do, what he has given them all the capacities for being and doing. God forbid that any man should think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but the tendency is all the other way. There is a false humility that depreciates human nature in order to glorify Christ, and there is an indifference to the dignity of human nature, as the creation of God; both of which are sinful. And the one no more than the other, is likely to teach men to look up. On the contrary, the one hides the true glory of Christ, and the other the true glory of man, so that he who came to be a light to the world, is only darkness, and they whom he came to enlighten, still sit in the shadow of death. I do not know that the late Dr. Channing would have justified all that I have said, but the following sentence of his seems too appropriate to our subject to be passed over with neglect, and I am glad to have so good a confirmation for even a portion of my own views of Christ and human nature; he said of this nature as glorified in Jesus,—"We see it unadorned by that outward splendor which is so often employed to cover up its deformity, and yet it shines with a lustre which no outward show ever conferred. How grateful should we be that human perfection is thus placed before us,—not in description, but in *real life*,—that we are permitted to follow a perfect being through the changes of an active career, and to learn from him the temper which we should maintain in all the vicissitudes of our present existence! The state of perfection to which man is to be raised is not an ideal one, does not merely exist in promise, is not something which is only hereafter to be known. Human nature *has already* been displayed, triumphant over all temptation, clear from every stain, glorious in love and holiness, pure as heaven, and bright with the image of God."

Bridgeport, March 5th, 1850.

[For remarks on the above article see the inside of our paper.]

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[For the Register.]

A Discourse: delivered January 1, 1850, upon the Fiftieth Anniversary of his Ordination, as Pastor of the First Church in Plymouth, by James Kendall, D.D.

A ministry of fifty years! In this day of change will another such instance occur! The text, from Acts xx. 32, breathes the kind and holy wishes which the Pastor has cherished for his flock through half a century. The sermon is a heart-record from a generous nature; and is full of wisdom and hope. To look back over a scene of fifty years' labor, and to feel acquitted of all apathy, injustice and unfaithfulness, is no small blessing. It is hard to walk through this busy world and get no soiling on one's garments.—What so eloquent as a holy life! Dr. Kendall has troops of friends who delight to accord to him the praise of patient study, active zeal and ministerial success. They, who have visited Plymouth, have always found in him the cordial hospitality of a social, Christian gentleman. There has ever been that daily beauty in his life which gives dignity to virtue and confidence to truth.

He belongs to that good old school of true conservatives, who preached the positive doctrines of Christianity as they are taught by inspiration and confirmed by divine testimony. He says:—

"I claim no miraculous inspiration like that of the apostle. My faith, whatever it be, is grounded on his testimony, and that of the other witnesses associated with him, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone. With this faith I have desired and labored, I trust, with a sincere and honest purpose, to know and understand the truth as it is in Jesus—and so far as it has been made known to me through the gospel, I have not shunned to declare it. My desire and aim have been to keep back nothing that might be profitable to those with whom I have been connected."

The "South Shore" was blessed by free minds in Gay, Shute, Barnes, Robbins, Allyne and others. The emigrating "Old Colon ists" carried liberal sentiments to every part of the new States; and the seed they planted is now bearing fruit. Dr. K. remembered Robinson's counsel to the Church at Leyden, and he has followed it. He says:—

"I have not forgotten the charge of having departed from the faith, which was brought at an early period of my ministry, against the church and society with their newly elected pastor—elected too by a voice that left no room to doubt as to the course he ought to pursue. But as I deemed it a light thing to be judged of man's judgment, I was not very much disturbed at first by the charge, and it has left no unkind feeling towards those who brought it."

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"The church covenant, as used by the Fathers, under the ministry of Mr. Robinson, was simple and scriptural, expressed in few words, and entirely free from any thing dogmatical or sectarian in doctrine, and such as the most liberal minded Christian—so far as respected doctrine —might freely and cordially assent to."

Of his predecessors in the sacred office he thus writes:—

"The ministry of two of my immediate predecessors, with that of my own, embraces a period of more than a century and a quarter—that is, something more than half the time elapsed, since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on the Rock of Plymouth. . . . . .

"The Rev. Chandler Robbins, D. D., my immediate predecessor, was ordained January 30th, 1760, ninety years ago. There is a venerable woman now living in this town, over one hundred years of age, who distinctly remembers his ordination. Dr. Robbins continued to labor in word and doctrine with this church and society until near the close of life, June 30th, 1799—the sixty-first year of his age, and fortieth of his ministry. There are a few still among us—and, perhaps, some present on this occasion—who remember his gentlemanly deportment, his dignified and graceful manners, his eloquence as a preacher, the ardor and elevation of his piety, and his devotedness to the sacred work of the Christian ministry."

We love the following effusions of his warm and grateful heart:—

"My cup of blessings has been as full and as unmixed, perhaps, as that of any of my brethren. The length of time, in which I have stood in the relation of a minister to this people, is an evidence, I am willing to admit, of the general acceptableness of my humble service—no less than of the disposition of the people to be easily satisfied And you will permit me to acknowledge on this occasion, and with deep and grateful emotions, the unmerited share of respect, sympathy and kindness, which, with my beloved family, I have experienced from a generous and liberal hearted people, during the whole period of my connexion with this society. This acknowledgement is due to the generations that are past, as well as to those that remain, even to the fifth generation, whom I have been spared to see and caress; and to many who are not now members of this society, and from whom I have received many tokens of kind regard."

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"I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the great Preserver of men—not for long life merely—but for health and strength also to improve and enjoy it. In this respect I feel that I have been singularly favored beyond most of my brethren. I have no recollection of having been confined to a bed of sickness for a day, during my connexion with this society. Not that I have experienced no indisposition;—but never sufficient to prevent my supplying the pulpit, except for three sabbaths, during the same period. I am aware that my accountableness is in proportion to the number of my days, and my ability to improve and enjoy them. In looking back to the past, I find enough to keep me humble, and yet something to prevent despondency."

It is pleasant to hear the senior Pastor speaking with such paternal affection of his colleague.

Part of the sermon is occupied in reviewing the last fifty years; and the preacher expresses his deep joy at the increased and successful action of Bible, Peace, Temperance and Moral Reform Societies. It comes in his way to allude pleasantly to the recent facilities in travelling.

"In connection with these institutions, and as means of increasing and extending their usefulness, we might mention the modern improvement in travelling, by substituting steam power for that of animals. This mode of conveyance reminds us of the prophet's prediction—when 'every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places shall be made smooth, and all flesh shall see the salvation of God.' Who dreamed fifty years ago, when the wise and prudent men of the time thought it a journey of two days from Plymouth to Boston, that, in something short of a half century, the same distance would be travelled in less than two hours, and without any animals attached to the wheels? In my first journey to this ancient town, by public conveyance, I remember, we were fifteen hours on the road, driving too, as it was said, with great speed."

The strength of his mind and the love of his heart appear again in the closing paragraphs.

"But I am trespassing upon your patience. A word in conclusion, and I will relieve you. And now, brethren and friends of this Church and Society, the relation between us, which has subsisted so long, so pleasantly, and, I trust, not without some mutual benefit, must of course ere long be dissolved. With fourscore years upon my shoulders, I am admonished that my pilgrimage must be drawing to a close. The voice that has spoken to some of this assembly for the last fifty years will shortly be hushed, and the place, that has heard and known it, will hear and know it no more. But my chief desire is, and for this I ask your prayers, that whenever the time is—whether soon or a little later—I may be able in the words of the apostle to say, with all humility, and yet with a believing heart, "I am now ready to be offered—I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." And now, brethren, what remains, but that in the same spirit and with the same faith, "I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified."

Will my brethren in the ministry, with whom I have been associated so long and so pleasantly, and from whom I have received many tokens of kind regard—will they suffer a word of exhortation from an elder brother? I address you as the ministers of Christ—a delightful, and yet highly responsible office! Who is sufficient to fill it! Our sufficiency is of God. From him cometh our help. Finally, brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Be baptized anew with the spirit and power of the truth as it is in Jesus. Clad in the armor of God, and with his truth for a shield and helmet, renew your resolve daily, and go forth to your work with the fearlessness of men engaged in the service of God, and seeking the salvation of their fellow men. Let it be the desire and purpose of your hearts to be able to say with an ancient servant of God, and with equal sincerity and truth, "I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart. I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation. I have not concealed thy loving kindness and thy truth from the great congregation." And when, having spent your strength and your life in the service of your Lord, and been instrumental in winning many souls to Christ, you shall be summoned from your earthly labors, may your immortal spirits, disburdened of these earthly tabernacles, and purified by those truths which you shall have dispensed to others, and borne upward by the same faith and the same hope, ascend to that world where "They that be wise shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

The social gathering in the evening, at the Samoset House, has been noticed in our columns. It was all that each party could desire.

And now we would present to "the good old man" our Christian salutations; praying that the candle of the Lord may continue to shine upon his head; and, that the heavenly Jerusalem may appear still more beautiful to his eye of faith, the nearer he comes to it. B.

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There is a beautiful *parallelism* between the condition of woman in her domestic life and the character of a nation. She is the mother of men, and the former of their minds, at that early age when every word distils upon the heart like the dew-drop upon the tender grass. There is to that young mind no truth or falsehood in the world but that whose words flow from the mother's lips. There is no beauty in character, nor glory in action, which has not been concentrated by her praise. There is, to that climbing child, no path where the mother's foot has not trod. Her mind is to his the supernatural pillar of fire which illumines his midnight ignorance, and the silvery cloud which, at midday, precedes him in every highway to the world. It is thus that society is formed in its social and moral ideas; and thus its condition must ever present, on a large scale, a parallelism in its moral life to the condition of woman. It is not a matter of fancy, but a great social fact.

## EXTENSION OF SLAVERY.

MR. MANN'S SPEECH.

Just at the present time while this is the one absorbing subject throughout the Union, we feel constrained to give up to it a much larger space than, we trust, will be required after two or three weeks. We have read Mr. Mann's speech, delivered in the House of Representatives, Feb. 15, with emotions of gratitude, that words so strong and at the same time so free from anything needlessly to inflame the public mind, should have been uttered in that body. How can Southern gentlemen, when they take time to deliberate, escape from the force of such considerations as are here urged upon them! We are sorry to weaken the force of the speech by breaking it up into fragments, but we can only give extracts. After thoroughly refuting the argument that it is unjust towards the South not to let them carry their local institutions and laws with them into the territories of the United States, Mr. Mann comes to another point:

We are told that the exclusion of slavery from the Territories is an affront to the honorable sensibilities of the South; and that acquiescence in this exclusion would involve their dishonor and degradation.

There are two answers to this complaint. The first is that, among gentlemen, no insult is ever offered where none is intended. There may be heedlessness of conduct, there may be an unintentional wounding of sensibilities; but there can be no affront, where the design to affront is wanting. He is not a gentleman, but a poltroon and a braggart, who pretends he is insulted and proceeds to retaliate for the affront, when all insult and all affront are sincerely disclaimed. Now, it is infinitely far from the purpose of the North to offer any indignity to the South by excluding slavery from the Territories. Their hostility to slavery grows out of an honest allegiance to what they believe to be the highest moral and religious duty; it is fortified by the opinions of mankind; and is perfectly compatible with the most fraternal feelings towards the South. They wish to expostulate, in regard to the wrong, in such a way as to arrest the wrong, and not, by inflaming the wrong-doer, to increase the evil. However erroneous, then, their language or their sentiments may be, they are not affrontive or contumelious; and, when all such purpose is disavowed, those who aspire to stand on the footing of gentlemen cannot reiterate the charge.

But there is another consideration,—one which appertains to the party supposed to be insulted, rather than the party charged with the insult. In his "Theory of Moral Sentiments," Adam Smith maintains that it is the judgment of men,—the opinion of the bystanders,—that gives us the pleasure of being approved, or the pain of being disapproved, on account of our conduct. Now, in this contest between the North and South, on the subject of extending slavery, who are the bystanders? They are the civilized nations of the earth. We, the North and the South, are contending in the arena. All civilized men stand around us. They are a ring of lookers-on. It is an august spectacle. It is a larger assemblage than ever witnessed any other struggle in the history of mankind; and their shouts of approbation or hisses of scorn are worthy of our heed. And what do these spectaters say, in the alternations of the combat? Do they urge on the South to mightier efforts, to the wider spread of slavery, and the multiplication of its victims? Do they shout when she triumphs! When new chains are forged and riveted, when new realms are subdued by haughty task masters, and overrun by imbruted slaves, do their plaudits greet your ears and rouse you to more vehement efforts? All the reverse; totally the reverse. They are now looking on with disgust and abhorrence. They groan, they mock, they hiss. The brightest pages of their literature portray you, as covered with badges of dishonor; their orators hold up your purposes as objects for the execration of mankind; their wits hurl the lightnings of satire at your leaders; their statute-books abound in laws in which institutions like yours are branded as crimes; their moralists, from their high and serene seats of justice, arraign and condemn you; their theologians find your doom of retribution in the oracles of God. England has abolished slavery. France, in one fervid moment of liberty, struck the chains from off all her slaves, as the bonds of Paul and Silas were loosed in the inner prison by the mighty power of God. Sweden has abolished it. More than twenty years ago, impotent, half-civilized Mexico did the same. Tunis, a Barbary state, and, I might add, a barbarous state, has abolished slavery. Mahommedanism precedes Christianity, and sets it an example of virtue. Liberia, a republic of emancipated slaves, the very brothers and sisters of those whom you now hold in bondage, has been acknowledged as an independent sovereignty, and welcomed into the family of nations, by two of the most powerful governments on the globe. By this act, Freedom secures a new domain on the eastern continent, while you are striving to give a new domain to bondage on the western. A monarchy hails the advent of a free nation in Africa, where slavery existed before; a republic is seeking to create ten thousand absolute despotisms in America, where freedom existed before.

Now, these are the bystanders and lookers-on in this grand and awful contestation. They are all agreed, as one man, in their opinions about it. They are unitedly visiting your course with execration and anathemas. There is not a nation on the globe that has a printing press and a people that can read, from which you can extort one token of approval. I would agree to submit the question now at issue between the North and the South to the arbitrament of any people on the face of the earth not absolutely savage, and to abide its decision. Nay, the wild tribes of the Caucasus and of upper India, who have defended themselves so nobly against aggression, would spurn your claim and deride its pretexts. And yet you say you are insulted, dishonored, disgraced in the eyes of mankind, if you are not permitted to bring down upon our heads the curses they are pouring upon yours. So far is this from the truth, that if you would promptly and cheerfully consecrate the new Territories to freedom, every nation in the world would send the plaudits of your conduct to the skies.

But gentlemen of the South not only argue the question of right and of honor; they go further, and they tell us what they will proceed to do if we do not yield to their demands.

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Do those gentlemen who make these threats soberly consider how deeply they are pledging themselves and their constituents by them? Threats of dissolution, if executed, become rebellion and treason. The machinery of this government is now moving onward in its majestic course. Custom-houses, post-offices, land-offices, army, navy, are fulfilling their prescribed circle of duties. They will continue to fufil them until arrested by violence. Should the hand of violence be laid upon them, then will come that exigency expressly provided for in the Constitution and in the President's inaugural oath, "to take care that the laws be faithfully executed." Mr. Chairman, such collision would be *war*. Such forcible opposition to the government would be *treason*. Wherever this rebellion rears its crest, martial law will be proclaimed; and those found with hostile arms in their hands must prepare for the felon's doom.

Sir, I cannot contemplate this spectacle without a thrill of horror. If the two sections of this country ever marshal themselves against each other, and their squadrons rush to the conflict, it will be a war carried on by such powers of intellect, animated by such vehemeace of passion, and sustained by such an abundance of resources, as the world has never before known. "Ten foreign wars," it has been well said, "are a luxury compared with one civil war." But I will turn from this scene with a shudder. If, in the retributive providence of God, the volcano of civil war should ever burst upon us, it will be amid thunderings above and earthquakes below, and darkness around; and when that darkness is lifted up, we shall see this once glorious Union,—this oneness of government, under which we have been prospered and blessed as Heaven never prospered and blessed any other people,—rifted in twain from east to west, with a gulf between us wide and profound, save that this gulf will be filled and heaped high with the slaughtered bodies of our countrymen: and when we reawaken to consciousness, we shall behold the garments and the hands of the survivors red with fratricidal blood.

And what is the object for which we are willing to make this awful sacrifice? Is it to redeem a realm to freedom? No! But to subjugate a realm to slavery. Is to defend the rights of man? No! But to abolish the rights of man!

Mr. Bowdon. Does not the gentleman think that such a picture as he has drawn would induce the North to yield a portion of the new territories to the institution of slavery?

Mr. Mann. I trust that no pictures *and no realities* will ever induce us to extend slavery beyond its present limits. Beyond those limits, "No more slave Territories, no more slave States," is the doctrine by which I, for one, shall live and die.

Now, sir, as this event of a dissolution of the Union is so frequently forced upon our contemplation, I propose to occupy the residue of my hour in considering some of its more obvious consequences. Southern papers and Southern resolution writers have a favorite phrase, that if Congress shall pass any law against the extension of slavery, they will resist it "at any and every hazard." Let us inquire, soberly, what a few of these hazards are.

First, as to the recovery, or non-recovery, of fugitive slaves, which is one of the alleged provocatives of dissolution. Take a map of the Southern States and spread it out before you. Although they cover an area of about nine hundred thousand square miles, yet it is a very remarkable fact, that only an insignificantly small portion of this vast extent lies more than two hundred and fifty miles from a free frontier; and those parts which do lie beyond this distance hold but few slaves. Those portions of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee, where their upper boundaries converge among the mountains, are a little more than this distance from a free border; but this territory is relatively insignificant in size, and sparsely populated with slaves. An outside belt or border region of the slave States, no part of which shall be more than one hundred miles from a free frontier, would embrace nearly one-half of their whole area; and, as I suppose, much more than one-half of their whole slave population. What is to prevent the easy escape of slaves living within these limits? While God sends nights upon the earth, nothing can prevent it. I venture to predict, that in such a state of things, slaves will become cheap, and horses will become dear. I am aware of your laws which forbids slaves to cross bridges or ferries without a pass; but you can have no law against seasons of low water. The old adage says, "riches have wings." You will find that these riches have legs. The Mississippi and Ohio rivers, where they border upon free States, will be alive as with shoals of porpoises. Remember, there is no Constitution of the United States now. That you have broken. The free States are absolved from all obligation to surrender fugitives. The law of 1793 is also at an end. No action can be maintained for aiding them to escape, or for harboring or concealing them. The distinguished senator from Kentucky said, in his late speech, that no instance had ever come to his knowledge where an action for harboring runaways had not been maintained in the courts of the free States, and damages recovered. But this remedy you will have annulled. The Constitution of the United States, and the law of 1793 being at an end, the law of nature revives. By this law, every case of an escaping slave is but *the self-recovery of stolen goods*. When they cross the line into a free State, they are free,—as free as you or I. The States being separated, I would as soon return my own brother or sister into bondage, as I would return a fugitive slave. Before God, and Christ, and all Christian men, they are my brothers and sisters. As our laws make it piracy to kidnap slaves in Africa, or to ship them thence, so it shall be a felony, punishable with death, for any southern master to kidnap a colored man, in a free State, or transport him from it, on the ground of alleged ownership. You are fond of quoting Scriptures to us, in justification of slavery. We will retort the Scripture, that "he that stealeth a man, and selleth him; or *if he be found in his hand*, he shall surely be put to death."

Here, then, is a free land frontier of about two thousand miles, and a free ocean frontier of about twenty-five hundred miles, and more than one half of all your slaves are within two days' run of it. More than one quarter of them are within one night's run of it. Thousands and tens of thousands can escape, even while you are dining. Canada, now so distant, is brought five hundred miles nearer. The under-ground railroad will be abandoned, and its stock so invested to yield quicker returns. What facilities for escape, too, will the ocean present. Fleets of vessels are constantly passing and repassing within a few hours' sail of the coast. The day for the power and the triumph of those whom you hate as abolitionists will have arrived. Steamboats could lie out of sight of land in the day time, run in at night, and be out of sight again before the rising of the sun. To guard twenty-five hundred miles of coast is impossible. If you declare war, in order to avenge your losses, then that war makes your coast lawfully accessible, both by day and by night, and multiplies a hundred fold the opportunities and facilities for this self-recovery of stolen goods.

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Southern gentlemen, when they threaten disunion, cannot surely be so much at fault as to forget that slavery exists here as it never existed in any part of the world. In Greece there were slaves; in some cases highly intelligent and accomplished slaves. They could have escaped if they would; but where should they escape to? All conterminous nations,—the whole circle round,—were barbarians. Their slaves therefore, had no place to flee to, where better institutions and juster laws prevailed. So it was with Rome. Whither could her slaves fly, but to barbarous Spain, or more barbarous Gaul, or to some nation whose language they did not understand. Ignorance of language is a more insuperable barrier than mountains or oceans. It is just the reverse here. The English language is spoken on both sides; and our slave land is encircled by free land, or free ocean,—Jamaica, the Bermudas, and two thousand miles of northern frontier. And I have lately seen an estimate from a credible source, that if an inter-oceanic canal should across the Isthmus of Darien, twelve hundred ships would annually pass through it; and, as they sail to and fro, they will skirt the whole of your Gulf coast, and the whole of your Atlantic coast, a great part of the voyage being within sight, or within a day's sail of your shores. Now, the ignorant slave knows but little of geography, but he would know of these avenues to freedom, and nothing but death could extinguish such knowledge and the hopes it would inspire. I say, sir, under such circumstances, slavery would melt away upon your borders like an iceberg in the tropics. These particles, that is, the individuals of the exposed surface would disappear; and you might as well attempt to stop solar evaporation by statutory laws, as to prevent their escape. Perhaps a dissolution of the Union is the means foreordained by God for the extinction of slavery; and did I not foresee its doom before any very long period shall have elapsed, without the unspeakable horrors of a civil and a servile war, I cannot say to what conclusion the above considerations would lead my own mind.

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Two things exist at the North, which the South does not duly appreciate,—the depth and intensity of our abhorrence of slavery, and that reverence for the law which keeps it in check.—The latter counterpoises the former. We are a law-abiding people. But release us from our obligations, tear off from the bond with your own hands the signatures which bind our consciences and repress our feelings, destroy those compensations which the world and which posterity would derive from this Union, and well may you tremble for the result. I have seen fugitive slaves at the North, and heard from their own lips the dreadful recital of their wrongs; and if I am any judge of the natural language of men; if I can divine from the outward expression what passions are burning within; each one of them had a hundred conflagrations, and a hundred massacres in his bosom. They felt as you and I should feel if we had been subjected to Algerine bondage. And do you doubt, sir; does any southern gentleman on this floor doubt, for one moment, that if he were seized by a Barbary corsair and sold into Algerine bondage, and carried a hundred miles into the interior, that he would improve the first opportunity to escape, though at every step in his flight he should crush out a human life, and should leave an ever widening expanse of conflagration behind him? If agitation and instigations are evils now, woe to those who would seek to mitigate or to repress them by the remedies of disuion and civil war.—Let men who live in a powder mill beware how they madden pyrotechnists.

But it is said that if dissolution occurs, the "United States South" can form an alliance with Great Britain. And are there no instigators and Abolitionists in England? Yes, sir, ten in England where there is one at the North.—Frederick Douglas has just returned from England, where he has enjoyed the honors of an ovation. William Wells Brown, another fugitive slave, is now travelling in England. His journeys from place to place are like the "Progresses" of one of the magistrates of that land,—passing wherever he will with free tickets, and enjoying the hospitalities of the most refined and educated men. The very last steamer brought out an account of his public reception at Newcastle. An entertainment was given him, which was attended by four hundred ladies and gentlemen. Men of high distinction and character adorned it by their presence. The ladies made up a purse of twenty sovereigns, which they gave him. It was presented in a beautiful purse, that one of their number,—the successful competitor of the honor,—had wrought with her own hands. All their generosity and kindness they considered as repaid by hearing from his own lips the pathetic story of his captivity, and the heroism of his escape. Sir, every man who has travelled in England knows that there are large, wealthy, and refined circles there, no member of whom would allow a slaveholder to sit at their table or enter their doors. Not only churches, but moral and religious men, the whole world over, have begun to read slaveholders out of their communion and companionship. If the South expects to rid itself of agitation and abolitionism by rupturing its bonds with the North, and substituting an alliance with Great Britain for our present Constitution, they may envy the wisdom of the geese who invited the fox to stand sentinel over them while they slept. Northern interference will increase a hundred fold: and the whole power and wealth of British abolitionism, not only founded on moral principles, but nursed by national pride, will be brought to bear directly upon them.

I said that the slave does not know much of geography; but he understands enough of it to know where lies the free frontier. The slave does not know much of astronomy; but there is one star in the firmament which is dearer to him than all the heavenly host were to the Chaldeans. He worships the North star with more than Persian idolatry. But let the South form commercial alliance with Great Britain; let the carrying trade be carried on in British vessels; and the slave will find a star in the East as beautiful to his eye, and as inspiring to his hopes, as the star in the North.

In the case of the *Amistad* forgotten, where a few ignorant, degraded wretches, fresh from the jungles of benighted Africa herself, seized upon the vessel in which they were transported, and compelled the master, under peril of his life, to steer for the North star,—that light which God kindled in the heavens, and which he will as soon extinguish as he will extinguish the love of liberty which he has kindled in every human breast!

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There is one other "hazard," sir, which the South invokes and defies, which to her high-minded and honor-loving sons, should be more formidable than all the rest She is defying the Spirit of the Age. She is not only defying the judgment of contemporaries, but invoking upon herself the execrations of posterity. Mark the progress in the public sentiment of Christendom within the last few centuries on the subject of slavery and the rights of man. After the discovery of this continent by Columbus, the ecclesiastics of Spain held councils to discuss the question, whether the aborigines of this country had or had not souls to be saved. They left this question undecided; but they said, as it was possible that the nations of the New World might have an immortal spirit, they would send them the Gospel so as to be on the safe side; and the mission of Las Casas was the result. In the time of Lord Coke, only a little more than two centuries ago, the doctrine was openly avowed and held, in Westminster Hall, that the heathen had no rights: and therefore that it was lawful for Christians to drive them out of their inheritance, and to despoil them, as the Jews despoiled the Egyptians and drove them out of the Canaanites. During the seventeenth century, all the commercial nations of Europe engaged in the African slave trade, without compunction or reproach. In the last, or eighteenth century, the horrors of that trade were aggravated and blackened by such demoniacal atrocities, as, were it not for some redeeming attributes among men, would have made the human race immortally hateful. Even when our own constitution was formed, in 1787, this dreadful traffic was not only sanctioned, but a solemn compact was entered into, by which all prohibition of it was prohibited for twenty years. Yet, in the year 1820, after the lapse of only thirty three years, this very trade was declared to be piracy—the highest offence known to the law—and the felon's death was denounced against all abettors. We are often reminded by gentlemen of the South, that, at the time of the adoption of that Constitution, slavery existed in almost every State in the Union; and that some northern merchants, by a devilish alchemy, transmuted gold from its tears and blood. But they can read no lesson as to the progress of the age from the fact that all those States have since abjured slavery of their free will; and that, at the present day, it would be more tolerable for any northern merchant, rather than to be reasonably suspected of the guilt of this traffic, to be cast into the fiery furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, seven times heated.—In Europe, the tide of liberty, though meeting with obstructions from firm-seated dynasties and time-strengthened prerogative, still rises, and sweeps onward with unebbing flow. In France, revolutions follow each other in quicker and quicker succ

that same coast to suppress the trade she so lately encouraged. Three times, during the present century, has that government escaped civil commotion by making large concessions to popular rights. Since the year 1814, written constitutions have been extorted by the people from more than three-fourths of all the sovereigns of Europe. What a tempest now beats upon Austria, from all points of the compass, because, during the last season, she attempted only to half enslave the Hungarians,—because she attempted to do what, during the last century, she might have done without a remonstrance. The rights of individuals, not less than the rights of communities, have emerged from oblivion into recognition, and have become law. Penal codes have been ameliorated and barbarous customs abolished. There are now but two places on the globe where a woman can be publicly whipped, —in Hungary and in the Southern States! And the universal scorn and hissing with which the rulers of the former country have been visited for their women-whipping, and their execution of those whose sole crime was their love of freedom, only foretokens that fiercer scorn and louder hissing with which, from all sides of the civilized world, the latter will soon be visited.— Let the high-toned and chivalrous sons of the South,—those "who feel a stain upon their honor like a wound,"—think of all this, as one in the long catalogue of "hazards" upon which they are rushing.

Sir, the leading minds in a community are mainly responsible for the fortunes of that community. Under God, the men of education, of talent, and of attainment, turn the tides of human affairs. Where great social distinctions exist, the intelligence and the wealth of a few stimulate or suppress the volition of the masses.— They are the sensorium of the body politic, and their social inferiors are the mighty limbs which, for good or for evil, they wield. Such is the relation in which the three hundred thousand, or less than three hundred thousand slave owners of the South, hold to their fellow citizens.— They can light the torch of civil war, or they can quench it. But if civil war once blazes forth, it is not given to mortal wisdom to extinguish or control it. It comes under other and mightier laws, under other and mightier agencies. Human passions feed the combustion; and the flame which the breath of man has kindled, the passions of the multitude,—stronger than the breath of the hurricane,—will spread. Among these passions, one of the strongest and boldest is the love of liberty, which dwells in every bosom. In the educated and civilized, this love of liberty is a regulated but paramount desire; in the ignorant and debased it is a wild, vehement instinct. It is an indestructible part of the nature of man. Weakened it may be, but it cannot be destroyed. It is a thread of asbetos in the web of the soul, which all the fires of oppression cannot consume.

With the creation of every human being, God creates this love of liberty anew. The slave shares it with his master, and it has descended into his bosom from the same high source.— Whether dormant or wakeful, it only awaits an opportunity to become the mastering impulse of the soul. Civil war is that opportunity. Under oppression, it bides its time. Civil war is the fulness of time. It is literal truth that the South fosters within its homes three millions of latent rebellions. Imbedded in a material spontaneously combustible, it laughs at fire. Has it any barriers to keep the spirit of liberty, which has electrified the old world, from crossing its own borders, and quickening its bondmen into mutinous life!—not all of them, but one in ten thousand, one in a hundred thousand of them If there is no Spartacus among them, with his lofty heroism and his masterly skill for attack and defence, is the race of Nat Turners extinct, who, in their religious musings, and their dumb melancholy, take the impulses of their own passions for the inspiration of God, and, after prayer and the eucharist, proceed to massacre and conflagration? In ignorant and imbruted minds a thousand motives work, which we cannot divine. A thousand excitements madden them, which we cannot control. It may be a text of scripture, it may be the contents of a wine-vault; but the result will be the same,—havoc wherever there is wealth, murder wherever there is life, violation wherever there is chastity. Let but this wildfire of a servile insurrection break out in but one place in a State; nay, in but ten places, or in five places, in all the fifteen States; and then, in all their length and breadth, there will be no more quiet sleep. Not Macbeth, but the Angel of Retribution will "murder sleep." The mother will clasp her infant to her breast, and, while she clasps it, die a double death. But, where will the slaves find arms! "*Furor arma ministrat.*" Rage will supply their weapons. Read the history of those slaves who have escaped from bondage; mark their endurance and their contrivance, and let incredulity cease forever.— They have hid themselves under coverts, dug holes and burrowed in the earth for concealment, sunk themselves in ponds, and sustained life by breathing through a reed, until their pursuers had passed by; crushed themselves into boxes, but of half a coffin's dimensions, to be nailed up and transported hundreds of miles, as merchandise; and, in this horrible condition, have endured hunger and thirst, and standing upon the head, without a groan or a sigh; have wandered abroad, almost fasting forty days and forty nights, like Christ in the wilderness;—and, will men who devise such things, and endure such things, be balked in their purposes of hope and of revenge, when the angel of destruction, in the form of the angel of liberty, descends into their breasts!

The state of slavery is always a state of war. In its deepest tranquility, it is but a truce. Active hostilities are liable at any hour to be resumed. Civil war between the North and the South, any thing that brings the quickening idea of freedom home to the mind of the slave, that supplies him with facilities of escape, or immunities for revenge,—will unleash the bloodhounds of insurrection. Can you muster armies in secret, and march them in secret, so that the slave shall not know that they are mustered and marched to perpetuate his bondage, and to extend the bondage of his race! Was not Major Dade's whole command supposed to be massacred through the treachery of a slave! A foray within your borders places you in such a relation to the slave that you are helpless without him. He that defends slavery by war, wars against the eternal laws of God, and rushes upon the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler. Such are some of the "hazards" which the leaders of public opinion at the South, the legislators and guides of men in this dark and perilous hour, are invoking upon themselves and their fellows; not for the interests of the whole, but for the fancied interests of the slaveholders alone, and against the real interests of a vast majority of the people. May God give that wisdom to the followers which he seems not yet to have imparted to the leaders.

Sir, in these remarks, I have studiously abstained from every thing that seemed to me like retaliation or unkindness. I certainly have suffered no purposed word of crimination to pass my lips. If I have uttered severe truths, I have not sought for severe language in which to clothe them. What I have said, I have said as to a brother sleeping on the brink of a precipice, where one motion of his troubled sleeping, or of his bewildered awakening, might plunge him into remediless ruin.

In conclusion, I have only to add, that such is my solemn and abiding conviction of the character of slavery, that, under a full sense of my responsibility to my country and my God, I deliberately say, better disunion,—better a civil or a servile war,—better anything that God in his providence shall send, than an extension of the bounds of slavery.

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The British Government and the Republic of Liberia. There was on Tuesday issued a copy of the treaty of friendship and commerce between her Majesty and the Republic of Liberia. There are 11 articles in the treaty. "There shall be perpetual peace and friendship between her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, her heirs and successors, and the Republic of Liberia, and between their respective subjects and citizens." There is to be reciprocal freedom of commerce. No tonnage, import or other duties to be levied beyond what are or may be levied on national vessels. British merchandise or goods are not to be prohibited.—By the ninth article it is declared that "slavery and the slave trade being perpetually abolished in the Republic of Liberia, the Republic engages that a law shall be passed declaring it to be piracy for any Liberian citizen or vessel to be engaged or concerned in the slave trade." Free access to be given in case of suspected slavers.—*London Globe.*


# CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

**Boston, Saturday, March 23, 1850.**


## CARLYLE'S NEW TREATISE.

Latter-Day Pamphlets: edited by Thomas Carlyle. No. 1. The Present Time. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., and sold by Crosby & Nichols, and Crocker & Brewster.

In this Latter-Day Pamphlet, there is what is wise, and what is laughable, and what is forcibly expressed, and what is well worth reading.

Here is a humorous account of the great revolutionary year of Europe.

"Everywhere the Official holy-of-holies was scandalously laid bare to dogs and the profane: —Enter, all the world, see what kind of Official holy it is. Kings everywhere, and reigning persons, stared in sudden horror, the voice of the whole world bellowing in their ear, "Begone, ye imbecile hypocrites, histrios not heroes! Off with you, off!"—and, what was peculiar and notable in this year for the first time, the Kings all made haste to go, as if exclaiming, "We *are* poor histrios, we sure enough;—did you want heroes! Don't kill us; we could n't help it!" Not one of them turned round, and stood upon his Kingship, as upon a right he could afford to die for, or to risk his skin upon; by no manner of means. That, I say, is the alarming peculiarity at present. Democracy, on this new occasion, finds all Kings *conscious* that they are but Playactors."

Most of our readers may have learned that Mr. Carlyle calls his American cousins great bores; from the following quotation, it will be seen, what he thinks of the English.

"No: at all costs, it is to be prayed by all men that Shams may *cease*. Good Heavens, to what depths have we got, when this to many a man seems strange! Yet strange to many a man it does seem; and to many a solid Englishman, wholesomely digesting his pudding among what are called the cultivated classes, it seems strange exceedingly; a mad ignorant notion, quite heterodox, and big with mere ruin. He has been used to decent forms long since fallen empty of meaning, to plausible modes, solemnities grown ceremonial,—what you in your iconoclast humor call shams,—all his life long; never heard that there was any harm in them, that there was any getting on without them. Did not cotton spin itself, beef grow, and groceries and spiceries come in from the East and the West, quite comfortably by the side of shams? Kings reigned, what they were pleased to call reigning; lawyers pleaded, bishops preached, and honorable members perorated; and to crown the whole, as if it were all real and no sham there, did not scrip continue saleable, and the banker pay in bullion, or paper with a metallic basis! 'The greatest sham, I have always thought, is he that would destroy shams.'"

And here is a notion of what government might be or ought to be.

"I say, it is the everlasting privilege of the foolish to be governed by the wise; to be guided in the right path by those who know it better than they. This is the first 'right of man;' compared with which all other rights are as nothing,—mere superfluities, corollaries which will follow of their own accord out of this; if they be not contradictions to this, and less than nothing! To the wise it is not a privilege; far other indeed."

Mr. Carlyle denounces Democracy as the government of folly, and modern monarchies as shams. Very wisely he is himself for the rule of the wisest man. But how the wisest man is to get enthroned, he does not tell us; though he says, that kings will not make way for him, and that the people will not choose him; and indeed that the people do not know a wise man, when they see him.

No nation requires to be told that it is good to have the wisest man at the head of them. But how the wisest man may be placed at their head, this is the problem; and towards the solution of this, Mr. Carlyle has nothing whatever to offer. And this is rather characteristic of him.

This is a pamphlet of sixty pages, the main purpose of which is to prove that England had better get some work done for the fifty millions of dollars, with which she relieves the poor, yearly. And it is intimated that herself she will be getting poor, either fast or slowly, unless she can get some service rendered her, in return for her large expenditures in the maintenance of the poor. This is true; very true. And it would have been very credible from Mr. Carlyle, even without the accompaniments, it is said with—the awful tones, and solemn oaths, and long faces, and arms uplifted after the fancied manner of a prophet.

This pamphlet has good matter in it; so good of its kind, that only Mr. Carlyle could have written it. But the sense of it is somewhat streaked with nonsense. And then sometimes such simple things are said in anything but a simple way!

Mr. Carlyle calls people about him, and tells them he knows of a Sibyl's cave, where somehow wisdom comes to somebody. And when he has got them inside the dark cave, it is he himself, that proves to be the inspired man. And he begins moaning and talking to his hearers. "The forces of the world are gone wrong! Time has become awful; but we have got to live in it; and it is an awful thing to live in an awful time! There is a God, as I think, and indeed as I am quite sure. Is not there a God! And do not you feel the sins of your fathers, and your forefathers upon you! There is ground under you, that will open, and let you fall through into an abyss of death. It is worn thin under you; the ground is! And so it will open and let you through. It never has crashed yet, and so sometime soon it may, and may let you through with a crash, and to the amazement of all beholders. You believe this; do not you! In the name of heaven and earth, you must believe it. It will be better for you. Nature will have you believe it; and the eternal powers will have you think it. Famine! famine! Nemesis! Thou eternal Nemesis! Thou art upon us! Nights, powers, the awful things of the universe are besieging us. And we do not know what to do; while really done, and effectually done, something has got to be. Problems like great Pythons are to be wrestled with. For is not this a problem; is not this a Python, a horrible, monstrous Python! Is not this a portentous, hard matter that now in this earth, there is not sustenance accruing to us all? Terrible, mysteriously terrible! In this prolific earth are we some of us dying of atrophy, what you call hunger. There is a Nemesis of hunger—hunger even unto death, upon us, and against us. So, as I think, and as all wise men will think, and as the eternal powers will have you think, it is necessary that we work, do some work, till the soil, and so get food."

Up into a high watch-tower of Time, goes Mr. Carlyle, and looks over the ages, and then abroad over the present time, and then comes down, and says gravely, that men who have nothing to eat had better work. Why, now this is very true; and it is very true, too, that in such circumstances men are commonly willing to work. And so now how is it that in Ireland men are not at work, who are quite willing to work? Mr. Carlyle insinuates that the Irish peasantry ought to be made to work; and indeed marshalled and stimulated after the manner of slaves. There is public sinfulness enough in Ireland, but it is not in the peasantry, chiefly, nor mainly. The peasants are bad, but classes higher than they are worse, and perhaps harder to manage. The English parliament voted fifty millions of dollars for the relief of the Irish poor, in the time of the famine; and of these dollars, forty millions were corruptly appropriated, by the thousands of persons, to whom the distribution of them was necessarily confided. Of Mr. Carlyle's Irish caitiffs, thousands and tens of thousands beg for leave to work; but they cannot get work.

In Ireland, farm-houses are decaying for want of occupants; and by the road-side men are starving in ditches for want of houses. Men are dying for want of what land would yield, and the land is very largely lying waste. Men are wanting work to do; and there is work that wants to be done; and still it continues undone. But now how are these houseless people to be got into the empty houses; how are the waste lands to be got cultivated by the laborers that wish to be working on them? There is work that wants doing; and there are men that want to do it. But how are they to be set to it? In the way of all these things there are hinderances; and these are what Mr. Carlyle might have been ingenious about, and indignant upon, and very useful in writing on. But of these matters he says nothing—not one thing.

Five thousand, ten thousand Catholics made to pay rates, and the land they cultivate to yield tithe to one or more Episcopal clergymen, who preach to their own families, and perhaps to five or ten other persons;—Ireland, three fourths of it, under a system like this—this is what Mr. Carlyle has not one word to say about.

The "Friends" of Dublin were largely entrusted with American funds for the relief of the Irish peasantry, and as the result of their experience, they published a document, in which it was stated that the greatest thing, which could be done for Ireland, would be to create legal facilities, by which landlords and leaseholders might be enabled to extricate themselves from the wretched system, which they have run into, in regard to the tenure of land. Something has been effected in the way of improvement, in this matter, but not nearly all that ought to have been; and nothing like what might have been.

In Ireland, Norman lets a tract of land to Celt forever; and Celt lets it to Patrick and six others on a lease forever. Patrick lets his sixth share, on a lease forever to Murphy and twenty others. And Murphy disposes of his leasehold land in the same way to a hundred others, for various spaces of time. So that in Ireland, there are landlords, who have no power over the soil, and leaseholders, who have no interest in it, because five or six other *middlemen*, as they are called, stand between them and the tenant, who cultivates the land. In these circumstances, transactions in regard to land become difficult, and many of them impossible; and such a state of matters arises, as hinders land from being improved and almost from being cultivated sometimes. This has been the old custom of Ireland; and it is so still, very largely. Now in Ireland, if liberty needs infringing on, it is in regard to this wretched system, and not in regard to the person of the peasant. But of such matters as these, Mr. Carlyle does not discourse. No doubt the peasant wants wisdom, wants guidance.— But advice he can be got to take, and guidance he can be got to submit to, although not to tyranny. There are the very best reasons for believing that Ireland might be made to thrive almost better than England, as being far more lightly taxed; but the country is blighted by misgovernment, and it is overshadowed by institutions, almost incredibly oppressive. But of such matters as these Mr. Carlyle does not discourse.

And in England, he discourses in the same unpractical way, he does on Ireland. And very certainly his is not the way of improvement.

Mr. Carlyle talks of there being in the British empire, irrational flabby monsters, philanthropic and other, of the giant species. Himself he was no philanthropic monster at the time of his writing this pamphlet, as the reader of it will readily perceive from some things, which it states and hints. A reformer, Mr. Carlyle is not, nor is he a conservative; but he is a sublime grumbler.

W. M.

## MOMENTS THAT ARE MOMENTOUS.

There are times in every one's life when the moral and religious feelings are powerfully awakened—seasons when better thoughts come to the mind and the conscience is aroused and the influences of one's common worldly life seem to drop off and a vision is given of the soul's state and needs. The heart is awed and touched by a sense of the Divine Presence; one is oppressed with a feeling of unworthiness; he longs for a better and holier condition of character; he is ready to dedicate himself to God's service.

These seasons of *religious awakening* come to all. We may attribute them immediately to very various causes; but Providence has so constituted man and surrounded him by such influences that he must from time to time become conscious of spiritual wants, as through pain and suffering he becomes conscious of bodily wants. It is a part of the general order of Providence. Nor does the Father of spirits shut himself out from direct access to our spirits, but touches, arouses and calls upon the slumbering soul. Whatever the way, it comes in the appointed order of God's providence. It is nothing less than a call of God. No man, not the most degraded and corrupted, is utterly forsaken and deserted of these holier influences.

Now, what we need to be made aware of, is the unspeakable importance of these hours. They constitute the moral crises of life. It is through hours like these that heaven has hold upon the heart. If a better life is to be begun, it must of necessity take its start from some such powerful conviction of truth or duty. The higher life must start from this higher level of moral feeling. If one is so hardened as willingly to suffer such hours to come and depart without leaving any result, he is without hope. Strike these hours of religious awakening from life, and the man is lost. He is bound down to the earth. No state conceivable can be so hopeless as his, who has ceased to desire or think of a higher state.

But the simple fact that such hours of religious awakening come to the mind is not enough; if, aroused for the moment, we turn on our pillow and sink again to slumber, the awakening has been of no service to us.

What then do such hours demand? They demand first of all, meditation on our wants and duties. But that which they chiefly demand is a higher purpose. They are hours of religious resolve, of renewed self-dedication to duty and God. If such resolves are ever made, it will be in such seasons. They are thus literally the turning points of life. Therefore, when they come, instead of trying to escape from their sad and solemn teachings, let it be the earnest prayer of the heart to God. "Help me to see clearly the way in which I should go, and give strength to my feeble will, that I may henceforth dedicate myself to thee." When this is done, the hour of religious awakening is an hour of progress towards heaven. The purpose formed in the solitary chamber and the awakened heart, will go abroad with you and give sanctity to the life.

Few persons appreciate the important results which may flow from one such hour; nor the importance of surrendering the mind to these higher impressions. We are perpetually yielding to those influences and impulses which are low and selfish and earthly. When God blesses one with those which are heavenly in their nature and tendency, for the soul's sake, cleave to them and obey them. Detain them, suffer them not to go, for the soul that is left by them, is like a cold and cheerless temple, where every thing else may perhaps remain, but from which God's presence is gone. When this holier voice then calls, let the response be like his of old, "Speak, Lord, thy servant hears; speak, Lord, Thy will shall be done."

## SIN.

We talk more of *sins*, than of *sin*. Not so the sacred writers. They generally use the word in the singular, as descriptive, not of a mode or modes of outward conduct, but of a diseased condition of the moral nature. Sin is one in its essence, though manifold in its forms of manifestation. As the scrofula may lurk undetected in the system, or may affect indifferently the lungs, the head or the arm, according as one or the other is for the time most susceptible of injury, so may the same moral taint, while in some it puts forth no distinct outward sign, in one man produce blasphemy, in another avarice, in a third sensuality, according as at this, that or the other point, the individual lies most open to temptation. That in which all sinners agree, and all forms of sin resemble one another, is nonsubmission to the divine law. With reference to that law, we may take one of two courses. We may give in our allegiance to it, mean and strive to keep it, and regard it with constant reverence and unshaken loyalty; and, in that case, though imperfect and faulty, we shall not be sinners in the distinguishing sense of the term. On the other hand, we may leave the divine law wholly out of our plan of life, and may make no surrender of our own will to God's will; and, if so, we are sinners. No matter if our appetites and passions are so happily balanced, and our circumstances so favorably arranged, that we are not inclined to any obtrusive form of outward guilt. We still have the essence of all sin within us,—the capacity of evil-doing of every sort,— the disposition which may make us an easy prey to temptations of any class whatever. Therefore is it that sin is interchangeable in its forms, to such a degree that he, who in any one respect shows a disregard of moral principle, cannot be safely trusted even in the relations and interests to which he has hitherto proved faithful. The only reason why so many men are habitually guilty of one class of sins, and not of others, is that their circumstances change so little. But it is no uncommon thing for a very slight change of circumstances to lead to entirely new forms of guilt. It takes but little added temptation to make the debauchee dishonest, the swindler a sensualist, the avaricious man a perjurer, the thief a murderer. There lurks within, the disease of the disobedient will, and it will show itself at whatever is for the time being the weakest or the most exposed point. Let the sinner yield at one point, he is safe at no point,—he may be led from one form of guilt to another, till he has exhausted the whole foul catalogue.

Let it be borne in mind, too, that all portions of the moral nature are so intimately connected, that, if weakened in any one part, the whole is rendered insecure, and liable, not only to gradual undermining, but even to sudden overthrow. In some vast hall of public assembly, there is a gallery supported by a row of goodly pillars. One of these pillars has become cracked or warped. A crowd rushes into the gallery, and the disabled column forces upon the next a double strain, under which it yields and breaks. The next reels and totters with its three-fold burden, the next bends and snaps, and the whole structure becomes a shapeless heap of rubbish. A ship goes from the wharf, with its mainmast, not only secured in its socket, but fastened to the vessel's sides by rigging, meant to defy the fiercest onslaught of wind and wave. Cut a single shroud, and in the next gale the rest break one by one with the added strain, and the mast is lost. So, in the soul of man, cut away any one of the supports of character, all the rest feel the shock, and every seeming virtue is in jeopardy. Every form of sin weakens and cripples the whole man, and makes him the easy prey of any new temptation.

The true measure of sin is not the greater or less prominence of the commandment that is broken, but the degree of disloyalty in the heart. The least commandment, neglected, ignored, defied, indicates the same temper of mind that is manifested in the greatest offences. On the other hand, goodness consists not in the prevalence of religious sentiments or pure affections, but in the consecrated will, the determined purpose of obedience. Sentiments and affections are the means, not the ends,—invaluable means, but an insufficient end. The supreme end of man is that state of the moral nature, in which the human will can say, without exception or reservation— "Father, thy will be done."

## NATURE OF CHRIST.

On the first page of the Register is a clearly written article, in opposition to an article written by us a few weeks since. It is not our purpose to enter minutely into the question here, or to reiterate the proofs which we have already adduced. Some of them our correspondent has shown to be not decisive evidence against him; but others remain which he has not answered.

He proves that Christ was a man. This, we, in common with most Trinitarians, admit. Nothing can be more conclusive than the testimony of the Scriptures on this point. Christ was a man, having all the attributes of a man; but it does not follow from this that he was merely a man. All his human attributes may have been supernaturally quickened and extended beyond the limits of what is possible to human nature without a special divine intervention. Or there may have been other gifts superinduced on the merely human elements, to fit him for the peculiar office of a Saviour. While by what he possesses in common with us he is brought directly and fully within our sympathies, by what he possesses beyond us a higher life is brought, through our sympathies, into our souls. This is our view of the nature of Christ. We do not undertake to analyse it entirely. Though on one side, we believe him to have been entirely a man, yet on the other side, we cannot define or limit his attributes, except to say that they fall short of the Almighty, and that they were all derived from God.

Our proofs of his superhuman nature, are, First, his miraculous birth, which, at once, sets him apart from all other human beings—the Son of God and the son of man, in a sense such as no one else has been. Secondly, his manner of speaking of himself is such that we cannot easily reconcile it with any other view of his nature than that which we have taken. "Ye call me Master and Lord; and ye say well; for so I am." "Be not called masters; for one is your master, even Christ." "The Son of man" is "Lord even of the Sabbath." "I am the resurrection and the life. he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live" "When the Son of man cometh in his glory and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him shall he gather all the nations." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." Could such language be used by any mere man? It is difficult to quote single passages. All his conversations with his followers are based on the assumption of an authority which, it seems to us, could belong only to a superior order of being. Thirdly, in harmony with this language were his acts—transcending, we must think, in dignity and power, all that is merely human. His walking upon the waves of the sea, stilling the tempest by his word, healing the nobleman's son, though miles distant from him;—his whole conversation and bearing at the grave of Lazarus, and indeed in almost every scene, particularly as shown in the gospel of St. John, are such that we cannot easily ascribe them to any merely human being. Fourthly, in perfect harmony with this exalted view of our Saviour is the language of the apostles after his death. No human being is placed in the same rank with him. "Grace be to you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ." "That ye may be able" . . . "to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." "And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." These passages are hardly above the common level of the passages in which our Saviour is spoken of in the Epistles.

But could such terms, or anything approaching them, be applied to a man—to Moses, Elijah, John, Peter or Paul,—without obvious extravagance? Let any one try the experiment. Suppose that Peter had said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in me;" "I am the Lord even of the Sabbath." Or suppose that Paul had said, "That at the name of James every knee should bow" &c. In applying these terms to others, do we not feel that Jesus differs from them, not merely as one man differs from another, as Moses differs from Aaron, a Socrates from his disciples, but as a being of a loftier nature differs from those around him. It would be not only extravagance, but something approaching to impiety, and blasphemy, to apply to any merely human being, the language which our Saviour and his Aposties have applied to him. At least so it seems to us. We do not see how it is possible to say of any mere man, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me," when as a man Christ was already dead, and when he who used these words was, in his intellectual endowments, his power of working miracles and his spiritual attainments, inferior to none, but Jesus, of all those who have walked upon the earth.

We have our Saviour's example as a perfect man. We love to dwell upon it, and to feel our souls kindled by it into a flame of purer devotion. Through his human sympathies we are brought into nearness of union with him; and because he is more than man, we in this union with him find him our resurrection and our life, the dispenser to us of new spiritual influences, of a grace and peace and love which pass understanding, and which we can receive only from communion with him.

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A Touching Incident. No man has ever been more generally beloved than the late Dr. Fisher. The following incident, related in the Transcript, shows that others besides his kindred and immediate frieuds would not permit him to go to his grave,

"Without the meed of some melodious tear."

There can be no more eloquent eulogium than this.

"During the services at the funeral of the late and lamented Dr. Fisher, at the residence of his brother in Temple place, a group of poor persons was observed at the end of the place, gazing with apparently intense and mournful interest, upon what could be seen externally of the solemn proceedings; and although it began to rain long before the procession started, still the humble group was not diminished by a single departure, and at length attracted attention. When the inquiry was made why they had stood there so long, the touching reply was given, made emphatic by tears—"*We are attending the funeral here, because we are not properly dressed to enter such a house.*" It was a group of mourners, and in such a tribute to the memory of the Good Physician, may be found the secret of his useful life, and so generally lamented death.

"His surviving friends can erect no monument to his memory, which the many poor and friendless, who had for years shared his disinterested kindness and professional skill, would consider extravagant. Peace to the good man's ashes!"

## LETTERS TO A TRINITARIAN.

BY GEORGE BUSH.

Professor Bush is the most meek and gentle of controversialists. We look in vain in his writings for a censorious judgment or a railing accusation. We know not a man more guileless, more candid, more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Christian love. Acute, but not captious, learned without pedantry, firm without bigotry, fervently attached to his views of truth, yet incapable of harshness or bitterness towards an opponent, he wins our unqualified respect and affection where we cannot agree with him. The work before us is the most intelligent statement that we have ever seen of the Swedenborgian doctrine concerning God, Christ and the atonement. The reader will be at once struck with its close accordance with the views presented in Dr. Bushnell's recent work, greater explicitness and reference to the authority of Swedenborg being the chief points of difference. Divested of the technical language of the "New Church," the statement of doctrine which it embodies is little else than Evangelical Unitarianism.

Professor Bush denies at the outset the tri-personality of the divine nature as tantamount to Tritheism, and as derogating from the proper divinity of our Saviour, making him not "God manifest in the flesh," but only a fraction of the God-head. Love, wisdom and energy, inseparately blended, constitute the tri-unity, and authorise the application to the Divine Being, as regarded in different aspects and relations, of a three-fold distinction. This one God, Jehovah-Jesus, was the Creator of the universe, the Angel of the Covenant under the earlier dispensations, and the being who became incarnate in Bethlehem. The names, Christ and the Son of God, refer only to the period during which he was incarnate. Christ derived from his mother, the daughter of a fallen race, not only a human body, but a human soul, or a sensitive moral nature, capable of suffering temptation and disobedience. The divine principle sanctified and exalted the human. The glorification of Christ consisted in the gradual and entire subjugation of the human under the divine, which work completed, the very body of the Saviour, the ascension body, retained nothing of the earthly and corruptible, and ascended to Heaven as its congenial home. The atonement consists in the reception of life and light through Christ, and thus in the merging of the human in the divine in each individual believer. This work can indeed be best effected through the reception of the "true doctrine of the Lord." Yet, under every form of Christianity sincerely embraced, nay, in default of Christianity, under the highest religious culture attainable, "there are falses of religion which agree with good." "All are saved," says Swedenborg, "who are in the good of life according to the dogmas of their religion which they believed to be truths, although they were not truths; for what is false is not imputed to any who lives well according to the dogmas of his religion; for the good of life according to religion contains within itself the affection of knowing truths, which such persons also learn and receive, when they come into another life." Though we see no sufficient reason for adopting the cumbrous and hazy phraseology of Swedenborg, we confess that we have found in his writings the echoes of our dearest beliefs, and have long been impressed with the conviction that his fantastic dreams came nearer the vital truths of the gospel than the sober waking thoughts of most Christians. With regard to the divine nature, we differ from him only in nomenclature We believe that Jesus represented upon earth, and under a human form, all of God that we can comprehend,—that "he that hath seen the Son hath seen the Father," and no feature of Trinitarianism seems to us so absurd and repulsive, as that which forbids us to look at Christ as an incarnation of the Father. In our apprehension, the *fatherly* attributes are those most prominent in the Son: and so far are we from admitting that our Trinitarian brethren stand upon higher ground than ourselves in their views of Christ, that we should be conscious of belittleing our conception of our Saviour's character and office, by regarding him as one of three separable persons in the God-head. We have said our utmost as to Christ's nature and rank, when, in the language of Scripture, we term him "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person."

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German News. We occasionally look over the German papers for the purpose of extracting, or rather translating whatever may be of interest to our readers, but the German like other journals have lately been so crowded with merely local news, that we have found scarcely anything of general interest to translate. They are occupied with discussions of the numerous questions, which now distract the German Confederation, and with accounts of the various movements, insurrectionary or otherwise, radical or conservative, which threaten the existing order of society. Such matters, though of the utmost importance there, lose much of their interest at this distance from the scene of their occurrence. When, however, we meet with anything of the kind to which we have alluded and which our readers would like to have presented to them, we shall endeavor to translate it for the colums of the Register.

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We cheerfully publish the following communication. We are aware that the question to which it relates is an open one, and we can strengthen our correspondent's side by the authority of Wilkinson, whose researches into Egyptian antiquity have exceeded those of all other explorers in extent and accuracy. But neither Wilkinson's nor Ghddon's statements impair the force of Heeren's arguments in behalf of the African origin of Egyptian civilization. These arguments are the authority of Herodotus, the affinities in language, art and worship between ancient Egypt and Ethiopia, and the absence of such affinities between the Egyptians and the early civilized nations of Asia and Europe. The principal considerations in favor of the Caucasian origin of Egyptian art and culture are derived from paintings found among Egyptian monuments, representing various assemblages of persons of different colors, black, red and white,—the white always holding the more honored place. These paintings may, for aught that we can aver to the contrary, belong to a period subsequent to the Persian conquest, after which time the ruling families are well known to have been white. The discussion is not one which we care to pursue. We will only add that, though "Cuvier's division of the human race has been superseded" we referred to it because we supposed that Mr. Abbot did, and because in popular speech and writing reference is still correctly made to the *Caucasian* variety. Prichard's classification, which is now generally received, as also Dr. Pickering's, excludes the name *Caucasian*, and could not therefore be cited in discussing the *contents* of that name.

[For the Register.]

Messrs. Editors,—Have you not been too hasty in your strictures on Jacob Abbot's remarks on the Egyptians?

Were the Egyptians of the Caucasian, or the Ethiopian race? Did the arts and civilization of Egypt come from Ethiopia, or were they indigenous?

Mr. Gliddon, in his lectures on Egypt, speaking the conclusions and results of the most learned ethnologists, discussed the questions fully, and asserted that the proofs are conclusive and incontrovertable that they were of the Caucasian race, and that their civilization did *not* come down the Nile, but advanced upwards towards Ethiopia. He was especially emphatic in regard to race.

Doctor S. G. Morton, authority second to none living or dead, in his Crania Egyptiaca, places the ancient Egyptians in the Caucasian race. The ancient Egyptians had straight hair and not woolly or crisp. The distinction of the races was as marked in Egypt three thousand years ago, as to-day in America. Heeren probably wrote before the recent researches, and deciphering of hieroglyphs. Cuvier certainly, and his three-fold division of the human race, has long ago been superseded by more accurate divisions; for which see the writings of Dr. Morton, and the very late work of the learned Dr. C. Pickering.

I have not seen Mr. Abbot's book, and know nothing of it, except the passage you quote; but I think I have shown, that in this case you have *not* exposed "mistakes or unwarranted assertions," on the part of the author, but that the assertions are warranted, and the mistakes if any there are, are those of best authorities.

And for the purpose for which you refer to this matter, the conclusion, if it has any force at all, is the very reverse of that which you draw. There is no evidence from ancient Egypt that "the Africans [race] of our day," had an ancestry more noble than themselves. But on the contrary that that race in Egypt occupied the same social position, performed the same labors and played the same games they now do in the Southern States, and were far inferior to some of the same race with us.

C. S.

[For the Register.]

## The Christian Connexion in New England.

From the rise of this people in 1800 up to 1840, their prosperity and increase were very considerable, but for a few years past they have not advanced so much in numbers, yet in intelligence, missionary operations, and real strength, they have never gone forward faster.

The outward appearance and manifestations are not so imposing, not so boisterous; but we think the inward strength, union and life, were never stronger. The three great truths first inscribed on our banners, and urged by our brethren, viz.: *the sufficiency of the Scriptures to govern the Church—the union of all Christians in one spirit—and the necessity of the divine life in the soul, of being born again, even of the spirit*—are doctrines which will not soon die out, and which must continue to gather strength wherever truth and righteousness prevail. These doctrines with us have been, and still are, the great doctrines, the essential doctrines. Other Christians also hold them, but not as the great, essential doctrines of Christ's kingdom, but too often they are made subordinate to some human dogma, and are covered up from the sight of the people.

But for a few years past we believe they have been advancing and gaining strength in the great heart of religious people of every communion. This is enough. It matters comparatively little whether this or that particular branch of the Church increase or diminish numerically, to what it does to have those great truths, which called *ours* into being, go forward and triumph in the world. Indeed to my mind it is far better, that other churches should come to receive and act upon these great truths in a still and gradual manner, than by sudden change or entire revolution of their religious forms and usages.— I hold it of great moment that these saving truths should be diffused among all Christians, engrafted upon every Church, but of small account as to what denominational name, or by what sectional lines, they shall be known.

Our present number of preachers in New England is some 172, while our number of churches is 167, and the number of members about 10,000. It is believed our preachers and churches were never in better heart, and more strongly united together, than at the present time.

In many parts of the United States, our people have been steadily increasing, the whole number being estimated at 1,500 preachers, 500 licenciates,—1,500 churches, and 325,000 members, while our congregations number about 500,000 persons.

E. E.

[The above article, from a most authentic source, is gratefully received, as being, in form and spirit, just such an article as we desire on this subject.]

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[For the Christian Register.]

American Unitarian Biography: Memoirs of Individuals, who have been Distinguished by their Writings, Character, and Efforts in the Cause of Liberal Christianity. Edited by William Ware.

We have already invited the attention of our readers to this volume. But the plan it proposes, and the honored names it sets forth, seem to demand from us some more extended notice. When we have said, that here in these pages are exhibited, briefly indeed but skilfully, in a form, though not new, yet authentic and approved, the characters of Worcester and Ware, of Freeman and Kirkland, of Porter and Bancroft, and of others of like gifts and spirit, we have said that which will at once recommend the work.

All true and faithful biography, as well of the old times as the new, of the good as well as the great, we hold to be useful; suggesting, as it always may, lessons and examples for the wise conduct of life, supplying here an encouragement and there a monition, and teaching, that if excellence has been attained by others, it may also be attained by us. And there is a special benefit in re-publishing from time to time, as previous editions are exhausted, the memoirs of eminent men, who, with the lapse of years and the entrance upon life of new generations, are in danger of being forgotten. In truth, such is the tendency of the present to crowd out the past, such the decided preference of what *is* to what has been, that even the most eminent, who, by their gifts and services, were the acknowledged lights of their day, shall, within a quarter of a century after they have gone, be quite overlookeed; or, at the least, their memories shall be cherished, and their funeral sermons preserved, only by affectionate kindred or a few careful antiquarians. For this reason and others, we are particularly gratified by the republication, in this volume, of the interesting Memoir, by Henry Ware, Junr., of Noah Worcester, united, as it very properly is, with the eloquent tribute paid to his memory, in a sermon preached soon after his death, by Dr. Channing, his most intimate friend and fellow-worker, who knew better than most men how to appreciate such an one as Worcester, and has spoken of him with the truth and heartiness, which, the simplicity, benevolence and spirituality characterising that devoted "Friend of Peace," could not fail to inspire. For the same reason we read with renewed satisfaction, in this collection, the sermon of Rev. Alonzo Hill on Dr. Bancroft; and we hope that this, and such like discourses or memoirs, will be read by our younger friends, that so they may not forget "that such men were;" and that it was not till after they had served their generation faithfully by their gifts and learning, by their holy and useful lives, "that they fell asleep."

Dr. Bancroft is especially to be honored as among the foremost of those firm and generous spirits, who, in times of trial amounting almost to persecution, amidst su

plaining, defending,—subjected, in a word, to every species of petty provocation; and yet, through this trial, one of the severest to which the human character can be subjected, he passed unscathed. Alike superior to frowns and flatteries, unalarmed by the fears of the timid, unseduced by the confidence of the presumptuous, he calmly and serenely followed his appointed path."

Did our limits permit, we should gladly refer to others of "these excellent of the earth," whose names appear in this volume. Particularly would we commemorate Dr. Porter, of Roxbury, whose character is delineated with discrimination and feeling by his successor, and is well entitled to the honors it received. We may refer to him in a future paper. But in closing this present notice, we cannot but express our disappointment, that the compiler of this volume has contented himself with re-producing the works of others, scarcely adding a paragraph of his own. We loped, at the annunciation of the work, that we should have some benefit from his skillful pen. We shall venture to express a wish, that the successive volumes may not be wholly compilations, from whatever sources derived; and that he will supply facts and dates, which, though not of the highest importance, are indispensable to all accurate biographies.

F. P.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sermon, at the Ordination of Mr. Emerson of Newburyport: by Rev. R. W. Clark, of Portsmouth, N. H.

This is a strong and admirably written sermon on "the importance of a high intellectual culture in the minister of the Gospel." The idea which the preacher most happily illustrates, is, that our age of secular culture and and activity, while it needs in the minister the highest standard of personal piety and professional fidelity, most urgently demands of him intellectual abilities and training, that shall enable him to keep pace with the progressive literature and science of the day, and to meet infidelity and error in those recondite and subtle forms, and those pseudo-Christian disguises, in which almost exclusively they prey upon the faith of the present generation. We believe that an incompetent minister does little less injury to the cause of religion than an insincere one. There are now more persons than ever, who will judge of religion by the dignity, richness, and impressiveness of its ministrations. It has to compete in the public ear with eloquent and fervent utterances on all other classes of subjects, and in the public mind with the most engrossing and distracting interests. It will be heard and reverenced, only when it utters its mandates in its own queenly voice, and sanctions them by the full weight of its divine and perfect evidence.

The same pamphlet contains a modest, independent, fervent, inaugural sermon by the ordained pastor, who is settled under the happiest auspices over a new, devoted, and zealous congregation.

E. E.

A Modern History, from the Time of Luther to the Fall of Napoleon. For the use of Schools and Colleges: by John Lord, A. M. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co.

This is a work which we welcome with a sincere gratification. Mr. Lord has devoted himself for years to historical studies with the same perseverying enthusiasm which other men show in their labors to gain wealth. It has been with him, not the amusement of his leisure, but the sober business of life. He furnishes the example of a scholar to whom his pursuits have been not primarily the means of gaining money, or distinction, but in themselves their own sufficient end. Our country furnishes few scholars devoting themselves so perseveringly under similar circumstances, to departments of learning which hold out so few tempting rewards.

In the courses of Lectures, which Mr. Lord from time to time has delivered, he has shown himself to possess the essential qualification of a truth-loving mind and a spirit capable of sympathizing with very different conditions of society, but specially interested in those more vital events and ideas which relate to human progress. He has shown himself also to possess in an unusual degree the artistic skill which enables one to group isolated facts into a consistent whole, and to bring out important points in their true relations and into their legitimate prominence. He has known how to make his lectures, though aside from all the interests of the day, interesting alike to the most popular and the most cultivated audiences. The present volume is prepared for the use of scholars and colleges, and seems to us to be admirably suited to its purpose. It is for sale in Boston at Ticknor & Co's.

Dictionary of English Synonymes. James Rawson. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston. 1850. For sale by Crosby & Nichols, Boston.

This is a book we have been wanting for years, and we wonder, on seeing it, that such a work has not been published before. We should be indisposed to put it into the hands of young persons, for it is important that they should learn to use words with discrimination. There are very few really synonymous terms, and the beauty, clearness, and force of style depend very much on a writer's being sensitive to the nicer shades of meaning. A work of this kind is likely to suggest to a young person that the words under the same head may be used interchangeably. But for those who have had previous discipline in the use of language, and whose vocabulary is limited or hesitating, it is a great convenience to have a book in which are brought together all the words which are nearly alike in signification. We shall at any rate make a trial of it. We quote the first two words with their synonymes:

To Abase.—Depress, degrade, bring low, humble, disgrace, cast down.

To Abbreviate.—Contract, curtail, shorten, abridge, compass, condense, reduce, epitomize.

Sketches of Travel in Egypt and the Holy Land: by Rev. J. A. Spencer, M. A. New York: George B. Putnam.

This is a pleasant book of travels by a competent observer and Christian scholar. It is an agreeable book to read, and we are glad to have it permanently on our shelves, that in studying the Scriptures, we may refresh our minds by its pictorial descriptions. There is a little more of the writer's peculiar theology than is to our taste in a work of this kind, but we are pleased with his enthusiasm, and like his theology far better than the dogmatic unbelief which to our mind entirely destroys the charm of Miss Martineau's otherwise interesting book of travels in the East.

Sacred Harmonist. A new Collection of Sacred Music: by George Kingsley. New York: A. S. Barnes.

This is a small collection of music not in other collections. It has some excellent tunes, and will, therefore, be useful to those who do not find in old collections more good music than they know how to use.

Furness's Domestic Worship. Crosby & Nichols.

We are glad to see this excellent manual of family prayer occupy the first place in the "Cheap Religious Library" which the above named firm proposes to issue. Though the phraseology of these forms of devotion is less scriptural and more rhetorical than some need or like, we believe that to a much larger number they will fill a place which no other similar work can approach.

Annual of Scientific Discoveries: A Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston. 1850.

It is certainly as reasonable and as useful to make an Annual of Scientific Facts, as of sentimental stories, miscellaneous anecdotes, and album-poetry. This work shows industry, and has a permanent value. It contains a likeness of Prof Agassiz, and a sketch of his life.

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Aged Clergymen. The church in Portland, over which Rev Dr. Nichols now extends his pastoral care, was established in the year 1727, or one hundred and twenty-three years ago—and it is a remarkable fact that, to the present time, only three pastors have been settled over this church; a case which, says Mr. Willis in his late history of Portland, is probably wholly unparalleled in the religious history of this or any other county. And it is the more singular, when it is considered that for thirty-six years of that period, the parish had two pastors at a time, and never a day for the whole space without one! Mr. Willis adds, "as we look through the parish now, we can perceive quite a number of both men and women, who have sat under the preaching of all three of the pastors, and still continue constant worshippers in the ancient temple."

The first pastor of this church was Rev. Thomas Smith, copious extracts of whose celebrated diary are given. His pastoral relations were continued with his church for sixty-eight years, two months and a half, which brought him into *the ninety-fourth year of his age*. He was succeeded by Rev. Samuel Deane, who was ordained as colleague in the year 1764, and was left as sole pastor in 1795, he being then in his sixty-third year. He died in 1814, in the eighty-second year of his age, and the fifty-first of his ministry. Rev. Dr. Nichols, the present pastor of this society in Portland, was ordained as colleague 1809. He was born in 1784. His reputation as a pulpit orator and a theologist, is far extended. He is the only one of the Council now in the ministry who acted at his ordination, and is the oldest settled minister now in the State, excepting Dr. David Thurston of Winthrop, who was ordained in 1807. [Boston Journal.

Negroes for Liberia. One hundred and sixty-four negroes, belonging to the estate of the late Jacob Wood, Esq., and liberated at his death, by his will, arrived here yesterday in the steamer Robert Collins, destined to sail in a few days from this port for Liberia, on board the bark Chieftain, Capt. Drinkwater. In liberating these negroes, Maj. Wood appropriated by will $5,000 to defray the expenses of their emigration. It was his desire, and was so expressed in his will, that they should be sent to Hayti, but his executors, Dr. Charles West of Houston Co., and Judge Elias Reed of this city, after employing an agent to go to Hayti to examine and report the condition of things there, thought it impolitic to send them there, and obtained an order of Court to change their destination to Africa, believing that this course would better promote and secure the happiness of the negroes themselves, and carry out the benevolent designs of their former owner.

The Robert Collins is lying in the stream, and we understand that the negroes will not be allowed to land, and their embarcation will be conducted privately and quietly, so as to prevent the recurrence of such scandalous scenes as were exhibited at the sailing of the bark Huma from this port on the 14th of May last. To allay any prejudice or excitement likely to arise on this occasion, it is only necessary to repeat that the matter will be conducted under the auspices of such gentlemen as Dr. West and Judge Reed.—*Savannah (Ga.) Republican, 13th.*

Light.—The cost of lighting houses and streets is no inconsiderable item both in domestic and municipal expenditure. The announcement, therefore, will be received with very general gratification, that scientific experiment has resulted in developing a mode of generating gas, from materials cheap and everywhere accessible, at a cost not exceeding one-eighth of that required by the method in common use. We saw an exhibition of this gas at the machine-shop of Messrs Fox & Othout, and were struck with the brilliancy and beauty of the light, and with its vast illuminating power. Unmixed with incombustible gas, it presents to the eye a solid body of flame, free from jets, and crowned with a smooth even crest. This is the Hydro-Carbon Gas, of which mention has been made in a communication published by us. We are assured by Mr Baxter, (of No. 20 Beaver street,) one of the proprietors of the patent, that it can be supplied to consumers at forty cents the thousand cubic feet, or in other words that the consumer who now pays eight dollars, may be supplied by the new process, with an equal quantity of gas, of the best quality, for one dollar. At the rate of forty cents the thousand cubic feet, the cost of gas consumed by a single burner of sufficient size to illuminate an ordinary parlor, during a period of four hours, would be only half a cent; of four burners for a like period, which is fully equal to the average nightly consumption in families, two cents—or seven dollars and thirty cents a year.

We trust the city Gas Companies will make haste to avail themselves of this discovery: and give us the benefit of the reduction in cost at no very distant day.

Large Lumps of Gold.—Some astonishingly large pieces of gold are reported to have been found at the Stockton mines, in California, within the last two weeks of January. A letter of January 31, to the Tribune, says:

"One piece weighing *twenty-three-pounds* was brought to Stockton; and another piece of incredible size and weight was also reported to have been brought to Stockton on Friday—it was said to weigh *ninety-eight pounds*.

I saw a number of persons on board the Stockton boat who had seen the lump weighing twenty three pounds. The gentleman who carries the express between Stockton and San Francisco, told me *he saw and had in his hands the "piece weighing ninety-eight pounds*. If this be true it is the largest piece of gold ever found, excepting one found in the Ural Mountains, which weighed nearly one hundred pounds, troy."

Meeting to Appoint Peace Delegates to the Worlds, Convention.—A meeting was held in Park street Church, Thursday evening, for the purpose of choosing Delegates to attend the Peace Congress to be held at Frankfort in Germany, in August next, Gov. Briggs in the chair. Resolutions were adopted, addresses made by Rev. Mr. Beckwith, Rev. Mr. Stone, Hon. Amasa Walker, Hon. Samuel Greele, Rev. Mr. Brooks, Elihu Burritt, Esq. and Rev. Mr. Allen; and the following gentlemen appointed to attend the Frankfort Convention; Charles Sumner, Esq., John Tappan, Esq. Substitutes—Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, Hon. Amasa Walker.—*Boston Atlas.*

The Sir John Franklin Expedition. We learn from the N. Y. Tribune, that the expedition in search of Sir John Franklin will sail from that port in May, and will consist of two schooners suitable for the navigation of the Arctic Seas, of 70 to 90 tons burden. The command of the expedition has been tendered to Lieut. De Haven, who was attached to the Exploring Expedition, who has accepted the trust. Passed Midshipman Griffin will be second in command. A party has gone East to select the vessels for this expedition.

New England Art Union. The Legislature has granted an act of Incorporation to an association, with the title of the New England Art Union. Hon. Edward Everett, Professor Longfellow, Franklin Dexter, Esq., and others, are among the Board of Managers. The Association will go into operation immediately, under the most encouraging auspices. This makes the fourth Art Union in the United States already incorporated, not including the International, which has not yet, but probably soon will, obtain a charter.

The Campbellites. The Rhode Island Country Journal says: "A Campbellite Church has been established in Boston, the first, we believe, in Massachusetts, if not in New England. This sect is quite numerous in the South and West. Their founder is Alexander Campbell, who resides in Bethany, Va., and besides travelling extensively, edits a periodical entitled the "Millenial Harbinger." He was a clergyman of the Baptist denomination, from which he withdrew some years ago. In 1837 he held a very able debate in Cincinnati, with the Catholic Bishop Purcell, The churches adopting his views, prefer to be known as "Disciples."

Auricular Confession. The question is often asked, what is the meaning of Catholic Confession? What do Catholics confess? and what are they taught to understand by this act? The following extract from "The Abridgment of Christian Doctrine, Permissor Superiorum," a book commonly used by the Irish peasantry, will answer the question:

*Q.* What is confession?

*A.* It is a full, sincere, and humble declaration of our sins *to a priest* to obtain absolution.

*Q.* What is satisfaction?

*A.* The sacramental *penance* enjoined us by the priest at confession.

*Q.* What are the effects of penance?

*A.* It reconciles us to God; and either restores or increases grace.

*Q.* For what do we satisfy by that penance?

*A.* For such temporal punishments as sometimes remain due for our sins, after they are forgiven us.

*Q.* What is an indulgence?

*A.* A releasing only of such temporal punishment as remains due to those sins which have already been forgiven us by penance and confession.—*Pp.* 93, 95, 96.

School for Idiots. A Bill has been reported in the Senate by the committee on public Charitable Institutions, to incorporate Dr. S. G. Howe and others, as the Massachusetts School for the instruction of idiots and feeble minded youth. We have alluded once or twice to similar institutions and to the attempts, which are making in New York and elsewhere, to ameliorate the condition of this most unfortunate class of human beings. We trust that something will be done by our own State for their elevation and instruction. We doubt not that it is possible, in some cases at least, to remove entirely the cloud which rests upon the Idiot's mind, and in all to render him more comfortable and happy.

Alteration of Sacred Poetry. A correspondent of the New York Literary World writing from Boston relates the following incident:

"The Rev. Dr. Bethune has been preaching and lecturing here to large audiences. A week or two since he startled the congregation at the Park street church by the administration of a reproof to those literary pests, the 'improvers' of hymns, who are to sacred poetry what Nahum Tate was to Shakspeare. At the close of his sermon he gave out Cowper's hymn in five stanzas, commencing:—

'There is a fountain filled with blood.'

He finished reading it, stopped rather suddenly, and exclaimed in a clear distinct voice, *'this last stanza is not as Cowper wrote it; it runs thus,'* upon which he laid down the book and repeated it from memory. *I should like to know,'* he continued, *'who has had the presumption to alter Cowper's poetry! The choir will sing only the first four stanzas of the hymn.'"*

American Sunday School Union. An interesting meeting of this society was lately held at Washington, in the lecture room of the Smithsonian Institute. Judge McLane presided. The meeting was addressed by Judge McLane, Hon. C. Durkee of Wisconsin, and others. One of the speakers related the following:

"That when Sabbath schools were first established in a certain section of Ohio, a poor orphan boy lived in the village, for whom there was none to care, until the Sabbath school missionary persuaded him to enroll his name as a member of the Sunday school. Here he contracted a fondness for the acquisition of knowledge, and laid the basis of that education, by the aid of which he eventually attained to a seat in Congress. The poor orphan boy stood forth in the person of the speaker! It was the Hon. William F. Hunter, of Ohio."

Life Underground. A census of Cellars is now being taken by order of the Chief of Police, in order to ascertain how many of these underground holes there are in the city, and how many human brutes burrow in them. The result in the Fourth Ward may perhaps be indicative of the rest of the city. In that portion of the great metropolis were found 186 of these dens, 101 of which were in an inhuman state of filth; 900 individuals, men, women and children, independent of pigs, dogs and cats, were discovered living in these cellars, and in one, No. 3 Oak street, a few doors from the Station House, twenty persons were found huddled together in one underground room. It is time that men and women were prohibited from living underground like wild beasts, and we hope that the efforts of Chief Marshal Matsell in this cause may be seconded by the action of the Legislature. [New York Express.

Wilmot Proviso. The Advertiser says the Wilmot proviso is a "negative proposition," and "it is dangerous to insist upon negative propositions." "Negative propositions" as the writer calls them, make up the decalogue: thou shalt do no murder, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not covet—are all regulations of a negative kind; is it dangerous to insist upon them in practice? This class of "negative propositions" is all we have to restrain us from committing positive wrong. [N. Y. Eve. Post.

Allegiance to the Right.—In a great national crisis our only security lies in a calm and steadfast adherence to the law of God. Any compromises with that must loosen the bonds of human laws, and, though providing a temporary calm, prepare the way for a more general and fearful ruin.

☞ We have received of Redding & Co. Horace Mann's speech in a neat pamphlet form. They publish to-day the revised copy of Mr. Webster's speech.

☞ An article which we had prepared on the duty of statesmen in regard to Slavery at this crisis is necessarily deferred till next week.

## NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

Cannelton, (Ind.)—Rev. Mr. Fisher of Cannelton has been delivering a course of popular Lectures in that place. The Economist, published there, speaks thus of his last Lecture. "It was a powerful vindication of the right to entertain one's religious opinions, untrammelled and free, and a most appropriate and eloquent rebuke to those who are so illiberal as to withdraw their confidence and esteem merely on account of a difference of opinion. He closed his lecture by referring to our own happy land, its institutions and its liberties, in one of the finest bursts of eloquence it has ever been our fortune to listen to." Mr. F. is about leaving Cannelton.

Nantucket.—We understand that the Rev. Mr. Knapp dissolves his connection with the Unitarian Society in that place on the first of April.

Providence, (R. I.)—The installation of Rev. Mr. Hedge at Providence, will take place on Wednesday next, the 27th.

## MARRIAGES.

In this city, March 14, by Rev J. I. T. Coolidge, Mr Edward Brown to Miss Mary K. Brown, both of Boston.

March 13, by Rev Mr Gannett, James T. Fields, of the firm of Ticknor & Co., to Eliza Josephine, daughter of Simon Willard, Esq.

March 1, by Rev E. Edmunds, Mr Henry Farmer to Miss Fanny Campbell.

March 14, by the same, Mr Wm. A. Sanger to Theresa Maria E. Thayer, both of South Boston.

In South Boston, March 14, by Rev Mr Capen, Mr Oliver King to Miss Emily Gilson, both of Boston.

March 14, Mr Frederic Cunningham to Miss Sarah M. Parker, daughter of Wm Parker, Esq.

In Charlestown, March 14, Mr Emmons Leonard to Miss Henrietta D. Abbar.

In Enfield, Ct., March 10, Lewis Hunt to Sophia E. Tinkham, both of Longmeadow.

In Danville, Me. Dr H. Wethern Gould, of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth Illsley of D.

## DEATHS.

In this city, March 10, Cordelia, daughter of Hon. David Sears.

March 13, Mr Wm. H., son of the late John Mackay, 33

March 3, after a brief illness, Mrs Frances H., wife of Mace Tisdale, 63.

In Dorchester, March 15, Sarah Blake, wife of Henry Humphreys, 42.

In Somerville, Mr Thomas Rand, 90. For 70 years he assisted in supplying Boston with milk.

In Quincy, March 2, Capt. Josiah Bass, a venerable and respected citizen of that town, 82.

In East Bridgewater, March 14, Dea. Samuel Keene, 70 yrs 10 mos.

At Brooklyn, L. I., after a short illness, Miss Hannah Pindar, formerly of this city, 42. Also, at Brooklyn, Feb. 22, Caroline Elizabeth, infant daughter of Luke W. and Caroline E. Thomas, 16 days.

In Flint, Michigan, Feb. 22, very suddenly, William Ellery Channing, only son of Dr D. and M. E. Flint Clark, 10 months.

"The spoiler set
His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile
So fixed and holy from that marble brow,
Death gazed, and left it there:—he dared not steal
The signet ring of Heaven."

In Detroit, Mich., March 7, of congestion of the brain, Mrs Martha R. Joy, wife of J. F. Joy, Esq., and daughter of Rev John Reed of Mass., 31.

On board sch Roanoke, hence for California, Nov. 25th, W. H. V. Gallop of Boston.

In Sacramento City, California, Jan. 16, Mr Horace Bacon, son of William Bacon, Esq., of Roxbury, Mass., 19½

17th, Mr Erastus Woodbury, formerly of the firm of Foster, Talbot & Co., Boston.

In California, Dec. 16, Prentiss Hobbs, Jr., son of Prentiss Hobbs of this city.

### OBITUARY.

In this city, March 12, Miss Eliza T. Sprague, aged 52 years. The tomb seldom encloses the remains of one more respected and beloved—pure in mind and heart—cheerful in the enjoyment of the present, and full of hope for the future. At an early age she was deprived of her hearing, after which she conversed very well, solely from the movement of the lips of those with whom she held conversation. She was intelligent and well informed upon the passing events of the day, and particularly well versed in Scripture. She was purely Christian in thought, action, word and deed. Her last moments were employed in religious meditation and fervent thankfulness; and her last words were "O God have mercy on my soul." Her strong faith gave her a victory over the fears of death and the grave. P.

☞ NOTICE. The Middlesex North Association, will meet on Wednesday, April 2d, at the house of Rev. Mr. Barry, on Chestnut Street, in Lowell. Hour of the meeting, 10 o'clock.
march23 JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.

☞ The Boston Association of Congregational Ministers will meet at the house of Rev. N. L. Frothingham in Summer Street, on Monday next, March 25th.
march23 SAMUEL B. CRUFT, Scribe.

☞ The Union Conference Meeting will be held on Wednesday evening, 27th inst., at 7½ o'clock, at Indiana Place Church. All interested are invited to attend. m23

☞ Sunday Evening Lectures. The Tenth Lecture of this course, will be delivered in Bedford Street Church, to-morrow evening, at 7 o'clock.
Subject. The Bible—An Authority, a Study, a Blessing.
march23

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STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
AT WEST NEWTON.
THE Summer Term at this Institution will commence on Wednesday, 1st May. Candidates for admission will be examined on *Tuesday*, 30th April, at 8½ o'clock, A. M. None will be examined except those who present themselves at the time specified.
CONDITIONS OF ENTRANCE.
1. The applicant must be at least sixteen years old.
2. She must make an *explicit declaration of her intention to become a* Teacher.
3. She must produce a certificate of good *physical, intellectual* and *moral character*, from some respectable person.
4. She must pass a satisfactory examination in the common branches, viz:—Reading, spelling, and defining, arithmetic, grammar, writing and geography.
5. She must give a pledge to remain in the school at least *four consecutive terms*.
6. All candidates for admission must be at the schoolroom on the morning of the day which precedes that on which the term commences, at half past eight o'clock.
7. Each pupil, at entrance, must be supplied with slate and pencil, blank book, Bible, Worcester's Comprehensive Dictionary, and Morse's Geography. Many of the other books used will be furnished from the Library of the School.
Pupils who have had considerable experience in teaching, and are otherwise qualified for it, will be allowed to enter existing classes.
Pupils who may desire to study the Latin and French languages, and to prepare themselves to instruct in those branches usually taught in High Schools, can have an opportunity to do so, by giving a pledge to remain in the school for a term of three years,—provided the number is sufficient to warrant the forming of a class.
For those who reside in the State, and purpose to teach in the public schools of the State, tuition is free; for all others, it is $10 per term, payable at entrance. At the beginning of each term, each pupil pays to the Principal $1.50 to meet incidental expenses.
Board may be had in good families for from $2 to $2.50, per week, including washing and fuel. Some of the pupils take rooms and board themselves at a lower rate.
The whole annual expense is about $100.
TERMS AND VACATIONS.
There are three terms in the year. The winter term commences on the 2d Wednesday in December, and continues 15 weeks. The summer term commences on the 2d Wednesday in April, and continues 15 weeks. The autumn term commences on the last Wednesday in September, and continues 12 weeks. Between the summer and autumn terms, there is a vacation of 6 weeks; between the other terms a vacat on of 2 weeks. No session is held on the week of the anniversaries in Boston.
Pupils are not permitted to board at such a distance from the institution, as to render it impracticable for them to be present during all regular exercises.
EBEN S. STEARNS, Principal.
West Newton, 14th March, 1850. 3tis march23

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HEROINES OF THE MISSIONARY 

## POETRY.

[For the Register.]

### MORNING THOUGHTS.

The glorious sun is rising in the East,
Tinging this darkling ball with ruddy gold,
And to the spirits on yon lessening star
Obscuring by his glory all the light
Our little planet gives—

. . . . . .

This is a holy hour:—now every place
Gilded with sunlight, seems a fit abode
For disembodied souls:—yon hill, round which
The purple mist floats like an Indian robe,
Methinks must be the dwelling of some saint,
Who, leaving his bright home beyond the skies
Enveloped in this half-transparent screen,
Has sought that eminence to view once more
The place where first he breathed the breath of life.

*This* is a *holy hour!* now all the earth
Untrod by busy feet, seems hallowed ground—
The spirit that all night has kept its watch
With sleepless vigilance around our heads,
Is undisturbed as yet by worldly noise;—
And in its solemn silence seems to be
Most nearly visible to those few eyes,
That, waked from sleep, upturn in praise and prayer.

Now is the time to offer thanks to God
That he hath made the world so beautiful!
Now, when his works appear as fresh and bright
As when the first dawn broke on Paradise.

Fountain of Life and Light! I own thy power!
Thy goodness speaks in every wave of light
That on the quiet lake or quivering wood,
Falls as thy spirit falls on those stout hearts
That with the terrors of the *doubtful night*
Have *battled* long.

Falls as *Thy Spirit* falls!
Casting o'er all things radiance divine.
All Nature shows thy love and speaks thy praise!
Let me too join the universal hymn,
And with my highest powers thy wisdom praise!

Now is the time to wrestle strong in prayer,
And gain a blessing for the live-long day;
To purify desires; and wisdom seek;
To drink in Inspiration; and to gain
New strength with which to fight the ills of life;
To set the Fancy free to wander o'er
Imagination's rainbow-hued domain;
To enter into Poet's minds; and rise
Into a purer atmosphere, above
And far removed from all the things of earth.

Oh! *God!* I *thank thee for the morning hour!*
And oh! I pray thee, help me so to live
Through all the days of this my life on earth,
That I at last may view that brighter dawn,
That ushers in *Eternity* and *Heaven!* L. C. W.
West Cambridge.

The following ode, by the Rev. Dr. Gilman, of Charleston, S. C., breathes a spirit which must commend itself to every patriotic citizen.

### ORIGINAL ODE.

Who would sever Freedom's shrine?
Who would draw the invidious line?
Though by birth one spot be mine,
Dear is all the rest—
Dear to me the South's fair land,
Dear the central mountain band,
Dear New England's rocky strand,
Dear the prairied West.

By our altars pure and free,
By our Law's deep-rooted tree,
By our Past's dread memory,
By our Washington—
By our common kindred tongue,
By our hopes—bright, buoyant, young,
By the tie of country strong,
We will still be one.

Fathers! have ye bled in vain?
Ages, must ye droop again?
Maker, shall we rashly stain
Blessings sent by Thee?
No! receive our solemn vow,
While before thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain, as now,
"Union—Liberty!"

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### HAVE N'T THE CHANGE.

BY MRS. MARY GRAHAM.

It was house cleaning time, and I had an old colored woman at work scrubbing and cleaning paint.

"Polly is going," said one of my domestics, as the twilight began to fall.

"Very well, tell her that I shall want her to-morrow."

"I think she would like to have her money for to-day's work," said the girl.

I took out my purse, and found that I had nothing in it less than a three dollar bill.

"How much does she have a day?"

"Six shillings."

"I hav'nt the change this evening.—Tell her that I'll pay her for both days to-morrow."

The girl left the room, and I thought no more of Polly for an hour. Tea time had come and passed, when one of the domestics, who was rather communicative in her habits, said to me,

"I don't think Polly likes your not paying her this evening."

"She must be very unreasonable, then," said I without reflection. "I sent her word that I had no change. How did she expect that I could pay?"

"Some people are queer, you know," remarked the girl who had made the communication, more for the pleasure of telling it than any thing else.

I kept thinking over what the girl had said, until other suggestions came into my mind.

"I wish I had sent and got a bill changed," said I, as the idea that Polly might be really in want of the money, intruded itself. "It would have been very little trouble."

"This was the beginning of a new train of reflections, which did not make me very happy. To avoid a little trouble, I had sent the poor old woman away, after a hard day's work, without her money. That she stood in need of it, was evident from the fact that she had asked for it.

"How very thoughtless it was in me," said I, as I dwelt longer and longer on the subject.

"What 's the matter?" inquired my husband, seeing me look serious.

"Nothing to be very much troubled at," I zeplied.

"Yet you are troubled."

"I am; and cannot help it. You will, perhaps, smile at me, but small causes sometimes produce much pain. Old Polly has been at work all day, scrubbing and cleaning. When night came, she asked for her wages, and I, instead of taking the trouble to get her money for her, sent her word that I had not the change. There was nothing less than a three dollar bill in my purse. I didn't reflect that a poor old woman who has to go out to daily work, must need her money as soon as it is earned. I'm very sorry."

My husband did not reply for some time. My words appeared to have made considerable impression on his mind.

"Do you know where Polly lives?" he inquired at length.

"No; but I will ask the girl." And immediately ringing the bell, I made inquiries as to where Polly lived; but no one in the house knew.

"It can't be helped now," said my husband, in a tone of regret. "But I would be more thoughtful in future. The poor always have need of their money. Their daily labor rarely does more than supply their daily wants. I can never forget a circumstance that occurred when I was a boy. My mother was left a widow when I was but nine years old—and she was poor. It was by the labor of her hands that she obtained shelter and food for herself and three little ones.

"Once—I remember the occurrence as if had taken place yesterday—we were out of money and food. At breakfast time our last morsel was eaten, and we went through the long day without a mouthful of bread. We all grew very hungry by night; but our mother encouraged us to be patient a little and a little while longer, until she finished the garment she was making, when she would take that and some other work home to a lady, who would pay her for the work. Then, she said, we should have a nice supper. At last the work was finished, and I went with my mother to help carry it home, for she was weak and sickly, and even a light burden fatigued her. The lady for whom she had made the garment was in good circumstances, and had no want unmet that money could supply. When we came into her presence, she took the work, and after glancing at it carelessly, said,

"It will do very well."

"My mother lingered; perceiving which the lady said rather rudely.

"You want your money, I suppose. How much does the work come to?"

"Two dollars," replied my mother. The lady took out her purse, and after looking through a small parcel of bills, said,

"I hav'nt the change this evening. Call over any time and you shall have it."

"And without giving my mother time more earnestly to urge her request, turned from us and left the room.

"I never shall forget the night that followed. My mother's feelings were sensitive and independent. She could not make known her want. An hour after our return home, she sat weeping with her children around her, when a neighbor came in, and learning our situation, supplied our present need."

This relation did not make me feel any the more comfortable. Anxiously I awaited, on the next morning, the arrival of Polly. As soon as she came I sent for her, and, handing her the money she had earned on the day before, said,

"I'm sorry I had'nt the change for you last night, Polly I hope you did'nt want it very badly."

Polly hesitated a little, and then replied,

"Well, ma'am, I did want it very much, or I would'nt have asked for it. My poor daughter Hetty is sick, and I wanted to get her something nice to eat."

"I'm very sorry," said I, with sincere regret. "How is Hetty this morning?"

"She is'nt so well, ma'am. And I feel very bad about her."

"Come up to me in half an hour, Polly, said I.

The old woman went down stairs. When she appeared again, according to my desire, I had a basket for her, in which were some wine, sugar, fruit, and various little matters that I thought her daughter would relish, and told her to go at once and take them to the sick girl. Her expressions of gratitude touched my feelings deeply. Never, since, have I omitted, under any pretence, to pay the poor their wages as soon as earned.

### THE ONLY SON.

Soon after the Rev. Pliny Fisk and Rev. Levi Parsons left their mountain homes in Western Massachusetts, near the close of 1819, as the first American missionaries to Palestine, their young friend, Jonas King, from the same neighborhood, was elected Professor in Amherst college, and proceeded to Paris to pursue the study of Arabic with the celebrated De Sacy.—He there became familiar with an American gentleman, then at the head of one of the first commercial houses in Paris, to whose care his correspondence was addressed.

In February, 1822, the lamented Parsons died, and Rev. Mr. Fiske without delay addressed a letter to Mr. King, requesting that he would meet him at Malta, and in the place of Parsons, accompany him as a missionary to Palestine, and fearing delay by waiting the action of the American Board of Missions, he in the same inclosure requested Mr. King's mercantile friend not only to second his invitation, but if possible to raise the sum of $1,500, requisite for his support for three years.

Mr. King, on receiving the letter in the merchant's counting-room, exclaimed:

"This is from my friend Fiske; I beg leave to retire to your private office and read it."

Oppressed with the weight of the proposition it contained, he spent an hour in prayer for divine direction; and hoping to gain further light as to the path of duty from the indications of Providence, sought the merchant's advice. He returned to the counting-room, and asked, with deep solicitude,

"What shall I do?"

Said his friend—"Go."

"But," said he, "what will become of my aged and infirm parents in America?"

"I will be a son to them in your stead," replied his friend.

"Then," said Mr. King, "I go to Jerusalem, 'not knowing the things that shall befall me there.'"

"Now," said the merchant, "sit down at this desk, and write to my friends Thomas Waddington, of St. Remey, France; Louis Mertens, of Brussels; Claude Cromlin, of Amsterdam, and John Venning, of St. Petersburgh: state to them the circumstances, and that you are willing to go; tell them I will give one fifth of the $1,500, and leave it to their decision whether they will join me in filling up the amount."

By the return of the mails it appeared God had put it into the hearts of these gentlemen cheerfully to respond to the appeal by enclosing each $300, making the sum required; and Mr. King lost no time in preparing for his departure.

A few months previous to this, Mr. King had established the monthly concert of prayer in his own hired upper chamber in Paris. At the first and second meetings only three were present; at the third, the number was increased to ten; at the fourth, to thirty; and soon after his departure it rose to 300, and this concert is still continued with interest in that city. A large concourse assembled in the Church of the Oratoire to listen to Mr. King's farewell address, and join in commending him to the God of all grace; and he was cheered in a similar manner, on his way, by Christian assemblies at Lyons, Nismes, Montpellier, and Marseilles, where he embarked for Malta, whence he proceeded with Mr. Fisk to Jerusalem; and he is now the well-known, persecuted, but laborious and successful missionary at Athens.

His friend the merchant, from time to time, wrote to the solitary parents, enclosing some tokens of regard "from the affectionate son;" the next year he returned to America; and early in the spring of 1824 he was at Northampton, about twenty-five miles from the parents, meditating a visit to their humble abode. He applied to the landlord, who furnished him with a wagon, with *his little son* for a driver; and freighted with a bag of groceries which extended the whole length of the wagon, they set off early in the morning, and after encountering snow-drifts and other obstacles by the way, arrived at the cottage about 2 P. M.

Leaving the lad with the wagon in the street, the gentleman knocked, saying as he entered:

"It is a chill, uncomfortable day, friends: would you be so kind as to allow a stranger to warm himself a little by your fire?"

He was welcomed and seated between the aged couple, in whom he distinctly recognized the features of Jonas, and who in their turn fixed on him a scrutinizing eye. After a short pause, he said deliberately,

"I once had a friend who said to me, 'What shall I do?' Said I, 'Go.' 'But what,' said he, 'will become of my aged and infirm parents in America?' I replied, 'I will be a son to them in your stead.' 'Then,' said he, 'I go up to Jerusalem, "not knowing the things that shall befall me there."'"

Instantly the aged couple sprang to him, exclaiming, "This is Mr. W——," and almost overwhelmed him with their tears and caresses. "Let us pray," said the father; and they unburdened their hearts at the throne of mercy.

Scarcely were they again seated, when the mother took from the shelf a new quarto Bible, saying she hoped her friend would not blame her for paying ten dollars for it out of the fifty he had sent her a few months previous. "Our old eyes," she said, "could not well read the small print of the other Bible. I told Mr. King I did not believe we could make any better use of the money, or should ever be the poorer for buying a Bible that we could read; and it is a great comfort to us." Their friend expressed his approbation of the purchase, admired the Bible, and before he returned it to the shelf, slipped into it unperceived a ten dollar bill; which she afterwards wrote him had been found on the floor when they were reading the Bible, and which she recognized as from the hand of God, having no knowledge by what means the exact amount expended had thus come again into their hands.

After a brief interchange of confidence and affection, she said to her esteemed guest, "I presume, sir, you have not dined, and must be in need of refreshment. I am very sorry we have not a cup of tea to offer you, but we have some nice ham and fresh eggs, which I will immediately prepare." Her friend remarked, "There is a bag in the wagon, containing several articles from 'your son,' and perhaps there may be tea among them."

The bag, with not a little effort, was transferred from the wagon to the cottage floor, and the mother addressed herself to the task of taking out its contents. Among packages of flour, rice, loaf sugar, coffee, chocolate, raisins, and other articles, each of which she held up with new expressions of delight, as received from one she so much loved, she at length came to a package of four pounds of hyson tea, when she held it out to the father with streaming eyes, saying, "Look here, papa, Jonas is the same dear good boy that he always was; he knew we were out of tea sometimes; he don't forget his poor father and mother." Then opening a package of Turkey figs, "And is this also," said she, "from Jerusalem! Papa, was there ever such a son as Jonas?" By this time all hearts were overflowing "Let us pray," said the father; and the exploring of the treasures were suspended, while they again united in thanksgiving to God.

It was not long before the little company were seated at a well-furnished table, refreshed by the gifts of the kind "son," mingling their sympathies, and recounting all the way in which they had been led. While thus conversing, the merchant affectionately asked:

"Do you never regret the sacrifice you have made in giving up your only son to be a missionary?"

The aged father replied:

"'*God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;*' *and shall I withhold my only son from obeying the command of our ascended Saviour: 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature'?*"

All present were deeply affected, a tear standing in the eye even of the young driver; they again bowed in prayer: both the father and the merchant led in turn, commending the little company, the absent son, and a sin-ruined world to the God of missions.

The interview was an hour bright with the beams of the Sun of righteousness, amid the dark pilgrimage of life, an oasis in the desert, a season never to be forgotten by any one of the four persons who thus met for the first and the last time on earth.

That young driver, as he afterwards distinctly stated, here first had his mind impressed with the sacredness of the work of foreign missions. He gave his heart to Christ; pursued a thorough course of education; went forth to the heathen, and was no other than HENRY LYMAN, the noble martyr who fell by the side of MUNSON, in 1834, among the bloody Battas of Sumatra.

The aged father, in his will, bequeathed to the merchant, for the purchase of a book in token of his love, the sum of five dollars, which at his death was paid to the widow for the old small-print Bible, which is still possessed as a precious memento. The widow has entered into rest; and the stranger passing a rural graveyard in South Hadley, where the scenery opens into magnificence and beauty, reads on the tombstone of the father his reply just quoted to the question, whether he ever regretted the gift to missions of his ONLY SON. [American Messenger.

### WHAT HE DID N'T SAY.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Being in company, not long ago, with some half a dozen persons, who, I knew, were present at a lecture on the previous evening, I had the curiosity to sound each of them in regard to their opinion of the said lecture. We all agreed that it was an interesting and instructive lecture. All, however, were disposed to find some fault. All saw, or thought they saw, some flaws, but no two were agreed to pick at them in the same place. Some thought the *matter* so unexceptionable that it was not worth while to speak against it, but the *manner* of the speaker was commented on with not a little severity. It was not sufficiently animated—the voice was audible, but it was not pitched right—the utterance was distinct enough, but it was too rapid—the style was clear, but not ornamented enough for a public address—the gestures were too few, and most of them very awkward.

But when the matter of the lecture was named, it was not a little amusing to observe the head of each man's hobby protruding itself. Many faults were named, but they were faults of omission rather than commission. Mr. A. said "*He did n't say* any thing about the great and absorbing question of slavery, and how a man, who was not pro-slavery, could talk an hour without even alluding to that subject, he himself could not divine." Mr. B. said, "*He did n't say* any thing about the temperance reform, and if he was not a hypocrite in his profession of temperance principles, it seemed to him to be a strange omission." Mr. C. said, "*He did n't say* any thing by which he could tell whether he was a Calvinist, a Universalist, or a Unitarian, and if the man had any religious opinions, which he valued, he did not see how he could conscientiously omit indicating them in a public address to his fellow mortals." Mr. D. thought that the lecture would have been improved by a more distinct allusion to some of the social evils that were now crying aloud for redress, and which were not directly connected with the subjects that had been named.

The disposition, manifested as above described, is not an uncommon one at the present day. What the lecturer, the orator, or the preacher "did n't say" is thought more of than what he *did* say, though he said what all confess to be worthy of regard. It is natural for one who is deeply interested in a particular subject, to be more anxious to hear that subject discussed than any other. But it too often happens that if the arguments and conclusions are not in accordance with the views of the hearer, he is so offended and disturbed that he will not listen with patience and candor. Some persons are not capable of taking intelligent interest in many topics, either because their minds are contracted for want of extended information, or because they are cramped by a spirit of bigotry, which can duly appreciate nothing that does not accord with their own previous conceptions.—The narrowest mind, however, may be zealous in riding its own hobby. Love me, love my hobby, may be said of some men with as much truth as it is said of others, "love me, love my dog." [New Hampshire Sentinel.

### DEVOUT LESSONS FROM NATURE.

Lamartine, in his *Confidences*, gives the following account of his mother's habit of teaching her children from nature:

'It our steps led us before some sublime or graceful spectacle of nature that was new to us, in some deep and dark forest of pines, where the solemnity of the shade, the spatterings of light through the branches, startled our youthful imaginations; in front of some beautiful sheets of water, rolling in cascades, and dazzling us with its foam, its movement, and its noise; if a magnificent sunset covered the mountains with groups of clouds of unusual shapes and hues, and as it returned into space took resplendent leave of the little corner of the globe which it had illuminated for a moment, she rarely failed to take advantage of the depth or the novelty of our feelings, to make us elevate our souls to the Author of all those marvels, and to put us in communion with Him by some of the lyrical sighs of her perpetual adoration.

'When walking with us on a summer evening, through the fields in which we used to gather flowers, insects, and sparkling pebbles in the bed of the rivulet; how often has she made us seat ourselves beside her, at the foot of a weeping willow, and with heart overflowing with pious enthusiam, discoursed to us a moment on the religious and hidden meaning of that beautiful creation which delighted our eyes and our hearts. I know not whether her explanations of nature, of the elements, of the power of the planets, of the use of insects, were wholly according to science. But if no perfect systems of science came from them, they used to produce a powerful impression of Providence, and draw from our minds a feeling of thankfulness for the infinite mercy and wisdom of God.

'When our feelings were well aroused by her sublime commentaries, when tears of admiration began to dim our eyes, she would not allow those grateful drops to be dried by the wind of trival amusement. She would hasten to turn all that enthusiam of contemplation into love.—A few verses of the Psalms, which she knew by heart, and which were suited to the impression of the scene, would fall from her lips. They gave a pious meaning to all the earth, and a divine expression to all our feelings.'

MARRIAGE INTENTIONS. We perceive that a bill, to dispense with the publishment of intentions of marriage, has passed through several stages, in our State Legislature. It is to be hoped that members will deliberate maturely, before they remove a check which has for many years protected thoughtless and friendless females from becoming the prey of wandering vagabonds, under false pretence of marriage. The newspapers of other States are continually recording the detection of some vilain who has been marrying wives in various places, with impunity, because no previous publication was required by law. In Massachusetts, this offence is almost unknown; partly, for the reason that an offender of this sort dares not take the risk of the three weeks' publishment, and partly because in cases that have been attempted here, detection has almost always followed, before the marriage ceremony was performed. A number of such cases are known to have occurred in our own city, and there have been probably more or less of them in every populous town in the Commonwealth. The danger is greatly increased over what it was in former years, by the more fluctuating character of the population, which renders it desirable that the safeguards should be increased rather than diminished. [Salem Gazette.

PURITANS AND WITCHES. The hanging of witches is so often spoken of in connection with the Puritans of New England, that few perhaps are aware that people of any other sect were ever concerned in the same superstitious folly. Let us be just to our forefathers. The Puritans of America, whom the Episcopalians of Great Britian have always contemned, never hunghalf as many for witchcraft as did *the* Church in England. The following facts stated by Prof. Stowe, in his *Biblio. Sacra*, ought to be more generally known than they are.

"But they hung the witches. True, there was one brief, dark, sad, transient storm on this subject, and only one. For the space of a year or less, they were involved practically in the universal error of their age; but they speedily saw the error, bitterly repented of it, amended their statute-book accordingly; while the rest of the world murdered witches ten times more, did not see their error, did not repent, did not amend their statutes: and in many, especially the Roman Catholic countries, these superstitions and sanguinary laws continue unamended, unrepealed even to this day. During the witchcraft delusion, twenty persons lost their lives in New England; but a little before this more than 60 had been executed for the same offence in a single county in England; some twenty years after this, eighty-five witches including twenty children were burnt at one time in Sweden. In Scotland—in Switzerland it was equally bad—and in the Roman Catholic countries of Europe infinitely worse.—How is it that the Puritans alone are to be blamed? Is it because they were so much less guilty than others?" [Gospel Banner.

THE GAINES CASE DECIDED. The Circuit Court of the United States in this city, in this important case yesterday decided adversely to the plaintiff. Judge McKinley, the Circuit Judge, commenced by saying that he had already expressed his opinion that this Court should be bound by the decision of the Supreme Court in the Patterson case, which, it will be recollected, was in favor of Mrs Gaines, provided, of course, that other and additional testimony was not produced, which would afford grounds for changing that decision. He said that the testimony in the present trial was substantially the same as that in the Patterson case, and he alluded to some testimony which had been brought forward and admitted, which ought, in his opinion, to have been excluded. Having clearly intimated his opinion in favor of the plaintuff, he said that finding, on consultation, that he could not agree with his colleague, Judge McCaleb, he had concluded to take no part in the decision, but to withdraw and leave Judge McCaleb to decide the case.

This course was, we presume, the result of an understanding on the subject, and is the more satisfactory one to all the parties, as it ensures an early and direct decision of the Supreme Court at Washington, before whom it will be immediately taken. Had the Judges both given decisions and certified their differences, the case, when it went before the Supreme Court, would not have been decided by the latter, but they would have remanded it for a new trial in New Orleans, with their instructions on the points of difference, and after the second trial there would then be a final appeal again to Washington.—Under the present plan, however, the case goes under the sole opinion of Judge McCaleb, and will be definitely decided at Washington without again coming back to New Orleans—thus saving, probably, one or two years in the time of its final decision. [New Orleans Bulletin.

COLORED SETTLEMENT IN MICHIGAN. We understand there is in Cass County, Michigan, a thriving settlement of colored people, chiefly from the Southern States. They are said to have a good location, to possess comfortable houses, well-tilled farms, and to be industrious and happy. The Goshen (Ia.) Democrat says:

"Yesterday morning, about fifty colored persons passed through our village, on their way to Cass county, Michigan. They had just been manumitted by a wealthy planter in Virginia.—Michigan affords many advantages to the colored man which he cannot have in any other State, South or North; and we are happy to be informed that, of many hundreds who have availed themselves of a home in Michigan, there are but few who make unworthy citizens."

DEATH OF A FRIEND OF WASHINGTON. An other veteran Jerseyman, a soldier of the Revolution and the personal friend of Washington, has been gathered to his fathers. George Coryell, Esq., died at his residence in Lambertville, (formerly Coryell's ferry,) on the 16th, in the 91st year of his age. Immediately after the close of the war in which he served—having participated amongst other services in the battle of Monmouth—he removed to Alexandria, near Mount Vernon, at the instance of Gen. Washington, where he continued to reside until within a few years, when he returned to his native State.

He was a confidential friend of Washington during his life, belonged to the same Masonic Lodge, and a correspondent assures us, the last one of six who bore the body of the father of his country to the tomb. [Newark Daily Advertiser.

CHOLERA IN LOUISIANA—A VILLAGE DEPOPULATED.—The *Natchez Free Trader* says that the thriving village of Trinity, at the junction of the Tensas, Black and Ouachita Rivers, is depopulated by Cholera, which has raged there with unheard of fatality. Ten or twelve physician. resident there, or called in from the adjacent country, have not been able to save a patient scarcely who had been taken sick. Flight was the only safety for the well, and death only reigns in Trinity.

INSECT LIFE. Prof. Agassiz says more than a life time would be necessary to enumerate the various species of insects, and describe their appearances. Meiger, a German, collected and described 6000 species of flies which he collected in a district ten miles in circumference. There have been collected in Europe 27,000 species of insects preying on wheat. In Berlin two Professors are engaged in collecting, observing, and describing insects in their habits, and already they have published five large volumes upon the insects which attack forest trees.

NOVEL AUDIENCE. On Saturday afternoon, about 200 patients and their attendants from the Lunatic Asylum, visited the panorama of the Mississippi, on a polite invitation of the proprietor, Mr. King. We had the pleasure of looking in on that scene, and we doubt if a quieter, more orderly or more interested audience has visited the exhibition since it has been among us. [Utica Gazette.


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